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# MONSTERS

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FORBIDDEN  
PLANET  
and more...





movie

APRIL 1975  
Volume 1, Number 3

# MONSTERS

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A rare, never-before-published close-up of the monster Cormoran.



# JACK THE GIANT KILLER

A special-effectsful fairy tale . . . for adults! The men behind **SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD** are reunited for a monsteriffic voyage through strange world of fantasy!



Cormoran, princess in claw, straddles Jack's stone fence.

Once upon a time, Hollywood (in the form of Columbia Pictures) produced a reasonably high-budgeted fantasy film spectacular entitled **THE 7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD**. This 1958 technicolored brew of Arabian nights adventure contained the following sure-fire entertainment ingredients: a determined hero (Kerwin Mathews), a distressed princess (Kathryn Grant), one bald, beady-eyed arch-villain (Torin Thatcher) and a score of mythological monstrosities concocted by animation's very own answer to Prometheus, Mr. Ray Harryhausen (See article in MM#1).

Needless to say, Hollywood (and Columbia) had a hit on their hands! Now, in the mind-boggling world of catch-penny productions and boxoffice returns, this can evolve into an exceptionally strange phenomenon. A really big success could start a trend and inspire multitudes of spiritless rip-offs, while a relatively small one might just stimulate that necessary degree of awareness in an aspiring, producer's imagination to create another





Golligantus in the flesh.

genuine masterpiece in the same vein. Such was the curious case of Edward Small's anything-but-tiny offering to the genre of stop-motion swashbucklers, 1962's **JACK THE GIANT KILLER**. Not only was it in a similar vein as its inspirer, it was practically of the same blood type!

It's not difficult to confuse the exploits of these two legendary heroes. Both Sinbad and Jack have lovely princesses to rescue and evil magicians to thwart, and both encounter horrendous creatures with deadly supernatural powers during the course of their adventures. Actually, the plot structure in each film is merely a simplification of traditional fairy tale routines. But a host of other similarities between the two proves

that producer Small was indeed impressed with Columbia's pioneering extravaganza, and intended to fabricate one of his own using the same successful ingredients.

Judging by the cast, the new film should have been titled **THE 8th VOYAGE OF SINBAD**, and probably would have if not for Columbia's copyright restriction on the "Sinbad" character. Kerwin Mathews was back (but this time as Jack), Judi Merideth replaced Kathryn Grant as the local princess-in-peril, and a toupeed but nonetheless treacherous Torin Thatcher etched an encore performance of snarls and curses, delivered with customary venom. Yesiree, things looked mighty familiar as far as the film's cast of characters went. But

what about the special effects? It was a cinch Ray Harryhausen wouldn't offer his unique services, as he and producer Charles Schnee were busy on another project and probably would've regarded Small's effort as competition anyway. And although **JACK's** producer was not a fantasy film buff, he was perceptive enough to realize that pitting his hero against "men in suits" or easily detected hand puppets would not do aesthetically. A stop-motion craftsman, with talent the likes of a Harryhausen, would simply have to be found ... and that type doesn't grow on trees!

Small's eventual life-saver was currently animating his heart out at Projects Unlimited, a small operation consisting of only a handful of effects specialists whose greatest claim to fame was steady employment on the **OUTER LIMITS** television series. A likeable, easy-talking gent and clearly Harryhausen's successor in the world of stop-motion photography, Jim Sanford was Small's first choice for special effects supervisor on **JACK THE GIANT KILLER**. Three animators worked together on the project, but Sanford did the bulk of the work and was indeed the man responsible for most of the involved monster battles, although the models themselves were not his own creations. Aiding and abetting the animation were the marvelous photographic effects and opticals provided by the Howard Anderson Company, which complimented the model work with breathtakingly beautiful color usage and matte composites. All in all, some rather intricate and expensive visual treats were whipped up for **JACK**, and if anything was going to approach the original Harryhausen film in terms of pure technical brilliance, this would be the flick to do it.

Plotwise, Nathan Juran's script borrows liberally from fantasy concepts in general, and **7th VOYAGE** in particular. Actually, the story succeeds on levels that **SINBAD** didn't even bother to explore. Harryhausen films, like Harryhausen creations, have a tendency to become a bit too "realistic" in terms of plot treatment and very often lose that elusive charm of romanticism so im-



A pre-production sketch by Luis McManus of the Howard Anderson Company, showing the two-headed Galligantua, the monster that attacks Jack and his party on Pendragon's beach.

portant to films of this genre. Juran's screenplay for **JACK** is simply a fun-filled fairy tale, rich in storybook images and glowing with detailed, fully-developed characters. Where Sinbad was self-assured and stolid, Jack is not quite certain of his capabilities and is in retrospect a far less stereotyped heroic personality. Juran also tosses in witches, leprechauns, vikings, and virtually every element of fairy tale fiction. The result is a thoroughly enchanting cast of storybook characters and situations. Princess Elaine's peril is also somewhat more intriguing than Parissa's from

**7th VOYAGE.** In the original film, Ms. Grant merely underwent a physical transformation (granted a rather drastic one; she was reduced in size to three inches!), while Judi Merideth in **JACK** is magically metamorphasized into an evil witch, a stark and shocking contrast to her former self and an ingenious twist from traditional fairy tale plots.

**JACK** also lends a rather strong emphasis to circumstances involving the occult and black magic, scoring high points for effectiveness in this particular department. Thatcher's role in **SINBAD** was indeed that of an evil magician, but he was still, for the most part, sorely human. As Pendragon in **JACK THE GIANT KILLER**, the sneering villain is an actual supernatural entity with demonic abilities and unearthly control over the foul creatures of the night. The final indication of his terrible talents arrives at the film's climax, when he transforms himself into a horrendous flying reptile. Other scenes of occult curiosity appear throughout the movie, including the bizarre attack of incandescent demons and witches aboard Jack's chartered ship. One of these monsters, resembling a pint-sized Godzilla, emits a whirlwind gas that sends our resident hero hurtling clear across the deck! Truly an effective moment in one of the film's more elaborate sequences of fear-frenzied terror.

In all fairness though, **THE VOYAGE OF SINBAD** is probably the superior effort in terms of cinematic integrity. Sets, photography, and overall production are smoother, more professionally geared and carefully blended. **JACK**, on the other hand, is oftentimes gaudy and overdone by comparison. Although it can be assumed that the unconvincing sets and overdressed costumes are merely filmic picturizations of the sumptuously illustrated children's book that introduces the movie, this angle alone cannot totally excuse such lackluster in these various departments. It must be conceded that **JACK** does have its fair share of aesthetic difficulties.

But on the plus side, the film makes brilliant use of the Technicolor process and is perhaps the finest example of brightly-colored fantasy since Korda's **THIEF OF**



Jack spots Gormora and his prisoner.

**BAGDAD** back in 1940. The mette paintings, particularly one magnificent shot of Pendragon's island castle above the ocean, are utterly breathtaking. And even Walt Disney must have blinked an envious eye at the carefully constructed optical effects that dazzle the spectator with color-filled brilliance!

In the final analysis, **JACK THE GIANT KILLER** is essentially, like many highly-successful fantasy epics before it, a children's story that is charming and engaging enough for imaginative adults to appreciate as well. Let us now turn back the clock and enter the fairy tale universe by sharing Jack's incredible adventures and fantastic dangers. Once upon a time . . .

Our tale begins in England, the Kingdom of Cornwall, specifically, of centuries past, a time when happiness and self-respect swept the cheerful homes and provinces of all who were proud to live there, an era of ornate beauty and simple satisfactions untainted by the pitfalls of absolute power. For this reign is not marked by tyranny or op-





Pendragon and the princess. Here, the disguised sorcerer opens a box in which the doll Cormoran lives.

pression; it is a rule of sincere warmth and fellowship that makes every citizen of England a king unto himself. So it appears only fitting that when the King celebrates his lovely daughter's 20th birthday, all of his loyal and dedicated subjects find equal cause to rejoice.

Many respected and honored visitors from far away lands have arrived for this occasion, each with generous gifts and tokens of their deeply felt regard for the King and his family. One guest, however, is a stranger to the crown. Sporting a ghostly-pale complexion and a smile bordering on a sneer, this gaily dressed nobleman who calls himself Pendragon has captivated the



Jack (out of frame), armed with an axe, battles Cormoran and kills him.



Because of his bravery in rescuing the princess, Jack is knighted and made her guardian.

Princess Elaine with a truly charming and remarkable present: a cone-foot tell doll, gerbed in a clown's uniform, who can move, walk and dance as humans do! The King is pleased with his daughter's joy over her unusual gift, and extends his gratitude to the obliging stranger. But soon, very soon, he will know this man for whom he really is, and an ominous black shadow of evil will threaten the very future of his beloved land and child. For this evil, disguised and camouflaged, has already invaded the castle walls . . .

That evening, Elaine's innocent dreams cannot perceive the unearthly terrors that await her. From a position outside the palace, Pendragon gazes sharply into her room and festens his thoughts upon the miniaturized chamber, containing her doll-like gift. Suddenly, an arc of greenish-blue stardust shoots from his cruel stare and flashes across the dimly-lit room, saturating the doll's chamber with glowing brilliance.

The doll emerges quickly from its box and walks across the table, turning its head from side to side as if awaiting further instructions from some higher authority. Then, almost as suddenly as his escape from the box, the creature fixes his gaze upon the sleeping princess and removes his clown's cap. Beneath it is a horn; this creature is a vile and venomous demon! A grim all-encompassing shadow blots out what little light remains in the bedroom as the monster feels his body expanding and growing until his massive shoulders burst through the palace ceiling. A terrified Elaine awakes to behold this nightmarish vision whose reptilian claw reaches out to fasten its slimy fingers firmly around her delicate form! Alarmed, the entire palace is in a state of frenzy as guards bravely charge the rampaging giant, only to be brushed aside like insects by its supernatural might. It is truly a scene of horror and despair! Undaunted by the feeble efforts made to stop it, the triumphant giant crashes through the palace gates and heads in the direction of the shore, taking the kidnapped Princess Elaine along with it. Rescue parties are formed and the search begins immediately . . .

Removed from the woes and terrors of

the palace, concerned only with performing his morning chores and totally unaware of the tragedy that has just struck the royal family, a handsome young fellow named Jack greets the new day with his customary good nature. How dull life is! Farm animals to feed, wares to take to market; these activities and others spell out a usual day's experience for Jack. But this is not to be a usual day . . . nor is Jack just a usual fellow! For before the evening hours blanket the land, he will be knighted and honored for rescuing the Princess Elaine from the horrible ogre Cormorant!

The task is indeed a difficult and dangerous one . . . but bravery is not only a knight's privilege, to be displayed and enforced by orders from a king. It comes from deep within a man, whether at the palace gates or in a run-down farmhouse just beyond the shore. It is here, in these modest acres of land that make up Jack's property, the valiant young man saves the royal princess from a horrible fate. By using his wits as well as his courage, Jack succeeds in luring the kidnapping monster to an old mill and there, utilizing every last ounce of integrity and might he can muster, this farmer-turned-fighter slays the horned devil!

Of course, Jack doesn't realize that the fair maiden he had rescued is the Princess Elaine. But soon after the deed has been done, the King and his warriors arrive on the scene and congratulate the surprised hero for saving the life of the royal girl. Her life, however, is still in great peril . . .

Pendragon makes a return appearance to the palace of the King, but this time without gifts or kind words. A warning of doom is forecast unless he is proclaimed ruler of the land, and with threats clearly pointed at Elaine, the King feels it would be wiser for his daughter to leave the confines of Cornwall temporarily until the evil sorcerer is apprehended. In the middle of the night, Jack and a small party of loyal servants smuggle the Princess from her home and chart a ship's course for some far-off land. Her escape should be a silent and uneventful one . . .

But the powers of darkness have roots and branches that creep into even the most



A pre-production sketch showing the sea monster that is summoned by Jack's imp to battle Gelligantus.



Jack, struggling with the wheel of his princess' ship, watches helplessly as she is abducted by Pendragon's demons.

perfect of plans. Pendragon is informed by a bewitched handmaiden at the palace of the princess' flight, and the evil monarch of black magic dispatches a rather terrifying reception committee consisting of witches, demons and other monstrous visages of supernatural terror. They swoop down upon the unsuspecting sailing vessel with the force of a hurricane, draining all color from the heavens and glowing with necromaniac brilliance. The efforts of the lusty sailing men on board to stop the sudden attack of the creatures is proven utterly useless, and before the battle is finished, Elaine is once again in the demonic clutches of Pendragon. Not eager to tangle with the evil wizard's occult powers again, the crew mutinies and Jack, along with the young son of the captain murdered by the witches, is cast adrift in the restless sea, their hopes of rescuing the captured girl bleak and unlikely.

But hours later the two are spotted by a lusty fellow wearing a Viking helmet, and find food, drink and dry clothing aboard his modest but cheerful ship. They also dis-

cover the sailor's most valued possession: a tiny imp living within a bottle! This lyrical leprechaun is impressed with Jack's courage and honesty and agrees to help him in his awesome task. And Jack certainly needs help— even more than he realizes!

At that exact moment, a terrible and excessively evil ceremony is painstakingly prepared by Pendragon, the result of which magically transforms the lovely and innocent features of Princess Elaine into the cruel, vicious face of demonic corruption. She has become a witch! What supreme irony, Pendragon muses, for a witch to sit on the throne of England! And he shall be at her side, to counsel her in the ways of wrong-doing and spread the malignant plague of evil throughout the once contented land.

When Jack and his friends finally arrive at Pendragon's mysterious island fortress, the whimsical powers of the imp are called upon to overcome the treacherous might of the evil magician. Confused by the source of Jack's newly-acquired magic, Pendragon instructs the bewitched Elaine to assume



Jack arrives at Pendragon's castle and is greeted by the magician, who has the princess in captivity.



With the aid of his pet monkey, which used to be a cabin boy, and a dog, who used to be a viking sea captain, Jack and the princess escape. But first, they must battle a strangely guarded hallway. Note one severed antagonist just above Jack's head.



Soon after his arrival, Jack is taken prisoner by Pendragon.

her human identity and trick her unsuspecting rescuer into revealing the uncanny secret of his power. Fooled, drugged, and halplashed, Jack is captured, but Elaine fails to locate the magic bottle containing the imp. It is a black scene for the powers of goodness as Jack desperately watches Pendragon transform his friends, the boy and the viking, into groveling animals (a monkey and a dog, respectively) before his very eyes. It is then that fate intercedes and places Elaine before a mirror which reveals her contaminated soul. Only split-second daring releases Jack from his bondage to smash the mirror and thereby free the poor girl from devilish possession.

Infuriated by their escape, Pendragon summons a monstrous two-headed giant to destroy the fleeing group. Wedged between two giant rocks, Jack pleads with the imp to furnish further aid. And he does . . . in the form of a gigantic but good-natured sea monster who engages in a titanic struggle with the evil giant and emerges victorious. Jack and his friends race to the waters edge and board the vessel without delay.

But Pendragon, master of the black arts and monarch of all that is evil, will not be so easily thwarted. Rising to the uppermost level of his castle, the wizard calls upon all the forces of darkness to aid him in his revenge. Bolts of cosmic lightning surround the palace, and skies smoulder with crimson thunderclouds as Pendragon outstretches his arms as if to inherit all the unholy powers stirred by his fury. In one terrifying moment, the sorcerer is monstrously metamorphosed into a gigantic flying gargoyle! Aboard the ship, Jack can see the approaching danger and implores the leprachaun for further help. But, alas, the imp has done all he can and has used up all the magic starflakes that supply his powers. Armed with only a sword and his great courage, Jack tackles the flying reptile by himself! Tearing apart one section of the ship with its huge talons, the monster then takes to the air with the brave adventurer positioned firmly on its back. Again and again Jack slashes at the creature! The



blows, but the young hero is determined to save his friends and continues the assault. High up in the sky they battle, until finally, overcome by Jack's dedicated efforts, the beaten creature plummets into the ocean below, starting a chain reaction that destroys Pendragon's entire island of evil and occult corruption. monster's hide, thick and powerful,



Pre-production sketch of Pendragon, in gargoyle form, combatting Jack in the film's rousing finale.

provides ample protection against Jack's

Aboard the ship once again, Jack finds that his friends had been restored to their normal human shapes at the moment of Pendragon's death. But before the course for home is set, an eagerly-awaited duty must be performed in the presence of all. For aiding Jack in times of need, the rascally imp must now be set free! The instant the

centuries-old glass is broken, the little leprechaun emerges a free man and bids his dearest friends farewell. And as a final service rendered with the deepest gratitude, the imp charts their course home with a majestic rainbow stretched across the horizon, a truly beautiful wedding present for Jack and Elaine, who, incidentally, live happily ever after!

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Lon Chaney and Mary Philbin as the girl chooses freedom or imprisonment via a game of chance.

# THE PHANTOMS OF THE OPERA

The men behind the masks, from Lon Chaney to the Paradise Phantom.

The Twenties were best remembered as the years of prohibition, flappers, "The Great Gatsby" and Lon Chaney. And in 1925, Universal Pictures and Carl Laemmle had the good fortune of transforming a mediocre turn-of-the-century novel by Gaston Leroux, *The Phantom of the Opera*, into a spectacular cinematic event thanks to the undeniable talents of Lon Chaney, Sr. By the time of **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**, the man of a thousand faces had already distorted his face and body in movie

after movie. Chaney fans had thrilled to his classic portrayals in such films as **TREASURE ISLAND** (1920), **THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME** (1923), **THE MONSTER** (1925) and the strange **UN-HOLY THREE** (1925). Now, in the winter of 1925 the curtain would rise on what was to become Lon Chaney's most famous impersonation—"The Phantom of the Opera".

Basically, this melodrama concerns the antics of a mysterious, deformed black-mailer (Chaney) who secretly lives in the



Lon Chaney as the PHANTOM OF  
THE OPERA, unmasked.

massive Paris Opera House during the late 19th Century. Gaston Leroux described this phantom as a ghost-like skeletal creature possessing a head like that of a dead man's skull with no nose, and eyes so deepset that they could not be seen. This monstrous apparition, known as Erik, had made his home in the cavernous subterranean constructions which honey-combed the foundation of one of the world's largest architectural structures.

To give this story a bit more spice, Leroux presented Erik with a deep-rooted but nevertheless perverted love for Christina (Mary Philbin)—a young and talented opera singer. Throughout the novel, and subsequently the film, Erik is constantly goading the management into allowing Christina to perform in the Opera as a big star or else face the wrath of a deeply disturbed phantom. It seems, for the most part, that his threats are generating the proper results. So with all going well, Erik decides to celebrate his triumph by attending the Opera's opulent "Masked Ball". He crashes into the annual festivities looking like death warmed over—Erik has come dressed as the personification of the plague, Poe's Red Death. But the phantom's success is quickly dissipated. While awaiting the appearance of the object of his one-sided love affair, Erik discovers that the Opera managers have substituted another singer in Christina's place. Feeling betrayed, the phantom falls victim to his uncontrollable passions and, right in the middle of the performance, releases a huge chandelier which smashes into hundreds of unsuspecting dolts who have paid a modest admission price in the hopes of getting some shreds of culture at the Opera. Soon after this catastrophe Christina disappears.

Her faithful lover, aided by an enigmatic Persian, pursues the phantom into the bowels of the Opera House. It is here that the true barbaric nature of the fiend is revealed. Unfortunately the heroes are trapped in Erik's ingenious torture chamber. Living alone for so many years, Erik saw fit to amuse himself by contriving

all sorts of devilish traps and devices. After escaping from a series of Grand Guignol situations, the climax is in sight. As the film winds its way to the end credits we are given an opportunity to see Erik's hideous face—a face which has been concealed by a mask of one sort or another throughout the film. It is here, while



In a fit of rage, hearing music he composed and

the demented villain is deeply engrossed in playing his organ, that Christina foolishly removes Erik's mask. Our heroine reels from shock. And as the enraged phantom turns to the camera, Lon Chaney succeeds in producing one of the greatest moments of collective fright ever attained in the motion pictures—his deformed face, almost

a literal translation of Leroux's description, glares out at a dumb-struck audience. Everything that follows remains dull, overshadowed by the shock of Chaney at his most foul. The film concludes with a crazy chase and the eventual destruction of the horrible phantom.

Chaney had been famous not only for



had stolen from him, Claude Reines drops a massive chandelier on a first-night audience.



A behind-the-scenes look at Lon Chaney as Eric, the PHANTOM OF THE OPERA.

his bizarre acting assignments, but also for his incredible ability to design and apply his own make-up. Chaney would spend hours creating devices which would stretch his face, scrunch up his nose or give his overall countenance a grilly caste. His career had been ping-ponging between working for Universal and MGM, and although he finally settled down in the hallowed halls of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (the star of a group of films directed by the talented Tod Browning), Chaney gave his Universal assignments a large dosage of the macabre.

The usual thing about this double standard to which Chaney fell into was simply this: The mere mention of the name Lon Chaney (Sr.) immediately conjures up images of the cadaverous hero dressed up as either Erik—the phantom of the opera, or Quasimodo—the hunchback of Notre Dame. These images of his more mediocre films remain solidly rooted in our imagination. They have replaced the visions of Chaney at his most effective, in films like **WEST OF ZANZIBAR**, **THE SHOCK** and the extravagant "Isot" masterpiece **LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT** or inadequate publicity material (production stills, one-sheets, lobby cards, etc.), but certainly not through a lack of interest has this vague awareness been spawned.

Speaking of interest, if one were to analyze Chaney's film **PHANTOM OF THE OPERA** in terms of interest, little would remain that is distinguished. Aside from Chaney's masterful performance as the insane spectre, the film reeks with overbaked dramatics. Mary Philbin's Christina was indeed pretty, but it proved without a shadow of a doubt that Miss Philbin was not destined to be remembered as a great actress. While on the subject of not being what one seems, Rupert Julian, who "directed" the film, could have easily stumped the panel on "What's My Line?"—even if Bennett Cerf has been playing! Julian, you see, was a director with visions of grandeur. He saw himself as Hollywood's answer to Enrich von Stroheim. He felt obliged to direct his films with an iron hand and rusty mind. Chaney objected to the Julien method and finally had him re-

moved from the picture. One dear ol' Rupert was gone and Universal had begun negotiating for Edward Segwick to complete the film, Chaney took it upon himself to direct a few scenes for the picture. At any rate, the point to be made here is that if it had not been for Chaney, **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA** would probably have been buried beneath the tons of really good movies being made at the time. As it stands now, the film was chosen as one of the top 10 productions of 1925 as well as netting a tidy sum of money for the studio.

On a more colorful note, very few people are aware of the fact that many of the sequences in Chaney's **PHANTOM OF THE OPERA** were photographed in color! Although the color process in the early



Claude Rains, masked, as the **PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**.

Claude Rains gives his operatic apprentice some advice whilst the two travel through his subterranean lair.



Twenties was not as refined as we know it today, Technicolor's garnish "two-color" process was a welcome relief from the standard black & white or hand-tinted images thrown up on the big screen. In films like **DR. X, THE MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM** and **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA** various shades of red and green added the perfect touch to subjects of a genuine horrible nature.

In Chaney's film, the color is used sparingly. For the most part the color sequences were used to convey the elegance and grandeur of the opera. Spectacle had replaced shock in this patchwork production. The only moment of truly inspired color photography came in the infamous Masked Ball sequence. In this scene, the outlandishly costumed figures of the French gentry slowly mill around in an eerie green landscape. Chaney's entrance, as the red death, is flamboyant! It seems as though the screen explodes with color as Milton Bridenbecker's technicolor photography captures the crimson hue of Chaney's elaborate costume. The modest design of the film was geared to reinforce the opulence of the Opera at the sake of sacrificing the potentially frightening subject matter. And although Chaney tried his best to elevate the film from its "perils of Christina" formula, he merely succeeded in reaffirming his position as the man of a thousand faces.

Not totally satisfied with the results of their earlier effort, and inspired by the success of MGM's remake of **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE**, Universal set in motion the plans for restaging Leroux's plodding novel. For this production the studio hired the brilliant cinematographers Hal Mohr and W. Howard Greene, and veteran director Arthur Lubin. The treatment given the second production of **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA** was designed to suggest opulence incarnate. The entire film was shot in gaudy three-strip technicolor and boasted a lavish musical score by Edward Ward. Top billing in this 1943 super-production went to Nelson Eddy. Nelson, the owner of a crass tenor voice that had adorned the ears of soppy housewives for years alongside Jeanette MacDonald,

was cast as the film's intrepid hero. And Universal felt that once they acquired such a talented singer as Mr. Eddy, it was only natural that he should be allowed to sing . . . sing . . . sing. Not being able to persuade his leading lady, Jeanette, to co-star in an opulent, but nevertheless, schlocky horror film, the studio heads settled for Susanna Foster, a young starlet with a fine coloratura soprano voice. Taking the place of Lon Chaney Universal decided to hire Claude Rains.

Mr. Rains had distinguished himself in a



Herbert Lom, as the third **PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**. Here, he performs, in mask, at his organ.

number of Universal's earlier horror films, most notably in James Whale's **THE INVISIBLE MAN** (1933). From his modest beginnings in strange acting assignments Claude Rains went on to become one of Hollywood's most distinguished actors. Rains worked with Hitchcock, Curtiz, Capra, David Lean and George Stevens (to name a few), but it seemed that his most gratifying work came when he was cast as a villain in true Guignol fashion. Rains' Erick was quite different from Chaney's demented voyeur. In the Lubin version, Eric had a past. As an aging musician put out to pasture by the managers of the Opera House, Eric's link with the locale of



the music hall was firmly established. From the point in which Eric is disfigured by a plate of acid, the audience is groomed to be sympathetic with the suffering fiend. Rains was able to play Eric with a careful blend of sadism and melancholy. By 1943 the world was ready for an anti-hero.

The most one can say about this new version of **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA** is that it is incredibly beautiful. In fact, the color photography received an Academy Award. But what the film gained in beauty it lost in actual effectiveness. Nelson Eddy is just not believable. Granted, the main appeal of Leroux's novel is like that of a fairy tale, it still makes no difference; seeing that Nelson Eddy, for all his great singing ability, could not act his way out of a pay toilet. The suspense and flavor of the earlier film was transformed into a gay romp with Nelson and Susanna thru the labyrinth of the Paris Opera House. What emerges is not a horror film, but a grand period piece brilliantly conceived but remarkably dull, outside of Rains' performance.

This just goes to show that a movie about the Phantom of the Opera needs an effective phantom, or the whole thing collapses in a flourish of shoddy theatricality.

Shoddy Theatricality is also the best description for Hammer's 1961 effort. Maybe they were disased with the "ressurrection syndrome" or were just in an unoriginal phase, but whatever the case, Terrence Fisher's **PHANTOM OF THE OPERA** was boring and most of all obviously cheap! The Grand Paris Opera House looked like a slimy burlesque house fit only for the bumps and grinds of middle-aged "g-strigs". Herbert Lom's performance as the phantom was moody, but lacked any real sense of urgency. There was no identification with the audience. It is all too obvious that Hammer fell into the trap of convention and created a simple, gory movie that was linked to Universal's earlier products in name only.

Somehow, the situation of weird people terrorizing unsuspecting jerks must have been appealing. Not too long ago Jack Cassidy portrayed a variation on the

phantom theme in the made for television film called **THE PHANTOM OF HOLLYWOOD** (1974). In this bizarre take-off, Cassidy played a matinee idol who was horribly scarred in a freak accident while making a new movie. His life became an endless nightmare of misery and escapism. He "haunted" the backlot of his old studio, living in an underground sanctuary. He was only discovered when the studio decided to renovate the backlot to make room for some new film projects. From this point on, the film takes on a truly macabre attitude. Cassidy scurries around the old sets, much in the same way as Douglas Fairbanks might, causing minor disasters and general mayhem. In the end however, the good guys (in the form of John Ireland and Broderick Crawford) dispose of the "phantom" as the aging studio set collapses on top of him. Sometimes Hollywood has the most tidy ways of disposing of their villains.

And if this were not enough, it remained for Brian DePalma, the darling of the New York film critics, to turn the whole phantom concept into a farce. He accomplished this in his stylish but otherwise inconsequential **PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE**. For this new reworking of the Leroux story, DePalma has contemporized the plot to the point of absurdity. The Opera House of the past gives way to the Rock Palace of the present; and a sort of "rocky-horror show" replaces the works of Verdi and Puccini.

The "phantom" of DePalma's film is a



A view of the nefarious **PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**, Herbert Lom style. This is the acid-scarred face of the musical wreath.



Swan (Paul Williams) and the Phantom (William Finley) prior to the opening of the Paradise rock palace. From **PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE**.



A close-up of the bizarre PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE.



The Phantom composes music for the gala opening of the Paradise in **PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE**.

flipped-out composer who was swindled out of his brilliant rock cantata "Fause" by a nefarious music promoter named "Swan" (Paul Williams). In his agony and despair Winslow (William Finley) has his face smashed in a record press. The love of his life, Phoenix (Jessica Harper) takes the place of Christina in Swan's master plan of dirty double-crossing. DePalma has plotted his film with overtones of Orson Welles, Edgar Allan Poe (the symbol of Swan's Death Records babel is a dead raven) Hitchcock (with his homage to the **PSYCHO** shower scene) and Christopher Moltisane.

What remains with one after seeing **THE PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE** is the vivid stereophonic soundtrack and the weird sense of the absurd created by DePalma and his troupe of technicians. Probably the most stylish cinematic sequence occurs when Winslow plants a bomb in a cardboard "woodie" end through an ingenious

use of split-screen photography we watch both the backstage and rehearsal preparations leading up to the detonation of Winslow's bomb. But ingenuity is not enough to carry a film. DePalma's other recent films, **GET TO KNOW YOUR RABBIT** and **SISTERS**, might give some indication as to his outlook. If they haven't, by the end of his latest effort, it is quite obvious that Brian has decided that satire is more rewarding than straight drama. Walking out of the theatre, one has the distinct feeling that DePalma decided that the whole "phantom" business is for the birds and produced an outrageous parody of horror films and the rock counter-culture at the same time.

Probably the basic plot of the Phantom has not seen its best treatment, but it is a sure bet that the original character first created by Leroux has been shelved for the wilder imaginations of the last quarter of the Twentieth Century.

**THE PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE**  
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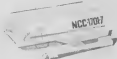
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# GODZILLA!

Our tale begins dramatically amidst the smouldering ruins of what was once a great city. Twisted girders, cracked, blistering sidewalks and the skeletal frames of demolished buildings paint a grim portrait of this smouldering memorial to the unknown. Tokyo, once a proud metropolis of six million people, is now a graveyard.

The mind is a curious thing. It takes so much for granted! Freedom, happiness, security . . . these are things we've lived with and accepted, but rarely appreciated. As I look across the crimson, still-smoking horizon, these ideals seem very far away,



Godzilla peeks his amphibious head over a mountain peak for his first Odo Island appearance.



for what I see, and smell, and sense . . . is death. Perhaps I myself am dead, and this fiery, lifeless landscape is actually Hell! I don't know . . . I don't know anything any more, except that I, as a man, as a member of the human race, have been dwarfed by a living nightmare. It has proven itself stronger, smarter . . . more powerful than the Earth itself! My world burns before me, and with it, my very soul . . .

My name was Steve Martin. I used to be a foreign correspondent for United World News. I was headed for a routine assignment in Cairo when I decided to stop off in Tokyo to see an old friend. But that was days ago . . . I was a man then.

Now I am part of the human wreckage, the rubble and blood and total destruction of last night. I am in a hospital, and all around me are the dead and injured. Those who are alive are silent, thoughtless . . . they know it is only a matter of time before "It" strikes again.

People are walking by me very fast now. I can hardly see their faces. Perhaps it is just as well . . . what does the face of defeat look like, anyway? It couldn't be more sickening than the cold, blank expressions of the lifeless. But . . . wait. That girl coming toward me—I know her! Why, it's . . .

"Eymko, Eymko!"

"Steve, Steve Martin! Are you very badly hurt?"

"After last night, I'm lucky to be alive. And your father . . . is he alright?"

"Yes! He's meeting with the security officials now. Don't move, Steve, I'll try to get a doctor for you."

A doctor! Hah! What can a doctor do? Will he bring the city back? Will he bestow life upon those trampled and crushed and burned? What can anyone do now . . . now that Godzilla lives! Eymko means well, as do they all . . . but tonight he will return. Tonight we will not be so fortunate! Death stalks us all, in the furious, rampaging form of a behemoth such as modern man had never seen prior to last night. But wait—I am wrong? He *had* been seen! But no one believed those sightings, those reports of a vengeful monster out of ancient myth and legend . . . It seems so long ago now, but I can still recall every horrifying moment as

clear as crystal. A few days ago, when things were normal . . .

I was very anxious to look in on an old friend of mine, Dr. Serazowa, a theoretical scientist who was gaining great recognition in the Far East for his amazing experiments. I remember dozing off on the plane to Tokyo, totally unaware of an incident that was about to take place ten thousand feet below, a drama that would shake the foundation of the civilized world!



A Japanese and American (Nick Adams) astronaut face danger on another world where Godzilla, Rodan, and Ghidrah do battle. From the film **MONSTER X**.

A small sailing vessel was drifting peacefully in calm water. Some of the men were on the deck, staring into the infinite loneliness and wonder that was the ocean. How old the ocean was, they thought. And how mysterious. Suddenly a stark, glaring light flashed across the deck. The men rose instantly and looked about. Then their eardrums burst and their bodies crumpled before a sound like no other . . . a heavy, thundering roar like the wail of some unholy foghorn. Flames filled the air. The radio men tried to send for help but there wasn't enough time. In an instant, the vessel had disappeared beneath the cruel, burning waves . . .



Mothra protects her egg from the omelette-seeking Godzilla in **GODZILLA VS. THE THING**.

When I finally arrived at the airport the following morning, I was greeted by Shegarito, Dr. Serazawa's trusted assistant. But before we could visit the good scientist, a Japanese officer interrupted our meeting and asked me to come to security headquarters. Slightly annoyed at the curious request, I asked Shegarito to extend my apologies to Dr. Serazawa and reluctantly followed the officer into a small room. Although I could not understand all of it, I figured out that the reason for everyone's strange behavior this curious morning involved the sinking of that small sailing vessel . . .

My part in the confusion was finally made

clear to me. A friendly, English-speaking Japanese official named Tomo asked me several questions about my flight. He was seeking answers to the perplexing enigma of that ship disaster! What could have caused it? A mine, or a collision perhaps . . . but when the ship's doomed radiomen sent a message through, it told only of a blinding flash of light. It was a mystery, all right. The Japanese authorities were trying to solve that mystery by sending out a rescue ship to survey the disaster area.

That rescue ship was never heard from again.

While officials tried their best to control the panic elicited from these strange ac-

cidents, news of the disasters finally leaked out. A frightened public demanded an explanation! Scientists and government men were brought together to discuss courses of action and offer solutions. Among them was Dr. Yomeni, Japan's foremost paleontologist, whom I had met through my friend Serazowa several years ago. If there was an answer to these mysterious sea disasters, it would come from these men.

After much desperate conversation, Dr. Yomeni suggested to the officials that they question the natives of Odo Island, a small, bleak, spot of land that was close to the area where the tragedies had taken place. Confused, but receptive, the authorities quickly agreed. I was allowed to tag along.

Odo was an industrious little island in the Pacific populated by several hundred natives who were now half paralyzed with fear. These people were the only ones to see some of the fires at sea, as well as locate one survivor of a sinking. His visit, unfortunately, was a short one! As the Japanese officials descended upon the island's small community, the natives became even more frightened. One babbled what everyone considered to be a "ridiculous" story to Tomo. Nervously, he informed the official that a horrible monster was responsible for all the disasters.

Too much seki, I thought to myself.

That evening I had the unique opportunity to witness a rare ceremony. The islanders were apparently performing an ancient folk-dance, and wore rather frightening reptile-like face masks. Tomo enlightened me as to an old Odo legend which stated that somewhere off the shore there lived a massive creature of incredible strength. Although this sounded silly to me at first, I was curious about the monster's name and asked Tomo if he knew it. A native answered for him. The thing was called Godzilla.

Much later that night, Tomo and I were sleeping in the tent we had set up at the far edge of the island. Restless, I awoke to notice a peculiar flickering in our lantern. The very ground beneath us appeared to be quivering! Tomo and I wedged ourselves around our tent pole for support as wind and rain began to pound against us. Staring



Anzilla and Godzilla slug it out in Tokyo Bay.

into the furious blackness, we could hear huts falling and people shouting. For this was more than just the wind and rain and lightning. Much more. I wasn't sure just what it was. No one was sure. No one except the natives, and they were positive. They said it was . . . Godzilla!

It was decided that a return trip to Odo was necessary if the mystery of these un-



From *GODZILLA'S REVENGE*, released in the United States in 1959 as *GIGANTIS, THE FIRE MONSTER*.

usual occurrences would ever be solved. Dr. Yomani himself would visit the island to search for signs of unusual phenomena. On the morning of the sailing, Pier "J" swarmed with well-wishers for the doctor and his party. But there was still a feeling of anxiety among the passengers. For every ship that had taken this course had vanished from the face of the Earth. Yes, there was a feel-

ing of anxiety, but perhaps the two exceptions were Emyko and a young marine officer named Ogata. When I had last seen Emyko she had just been engaged to Dr. Sarazowa; it was the usual triangle, only this time it was to play an important part in the lives of millions of people.

When the troupe finally arrived the next day, they discovered various large, radioac-



**GHIDRAH, THE THREE HEADED MONSTER, has just hatched from a flaming fireball, and is about to run into Godzilla.**

tive openings in the soil of Odo Island. Dr. Yomani was stunned . . . they were the foot-prints of a living creature! Suddenly, Emyko pointed out something in the crack of the imprint. It was a trilobite, a three-winged worm thought to be extinct.

The shrill sounds of a native gong rang out across the peaceful morning silence and everyone began running toward the top of a hill. I hastily asked Tomo what was going on, but he simply insisted that we follow. Soon we were swept along with the frenzied natives in that strange exodus toward that mountain peak. From our position in the crowd, we could see that Dr. Yomani and his party were fairly close to the top. Then it happened. At first it looked like the mountain was moving . . . but this was no mountain. Nor was it anything else I could possibly imagine. Several jagged, pointed spines rose like majestic warriors from behind the hill! The horrified people cried out in fear and melted into the side of the mountain for protection. For this was Godzilla . . . an incredibly large, unbelievably massive prehistoric beast, and the most frightening thing I had ever seen in my life! Staring at the tiny human beings before it, the creature roared and bellowed in terrifying

defiance. It was challenging us, challenging mankind itself for mastery of our world.

At a scientific conference held a few days later, Dr. Yomani, one of the eyewitnesses, lead the discussion. Of course, the question we were all asking ourselves was how this animal could reappear after all these years, and so close to the coast of Japan? The doctor suggested that some rare phenomenon of nature allowed this breed of the Jurassic Age to reproduce itself and, for a long span of time, the beast had no reason to reappear to the world. But now that analysis of radioactivity of the creature's foot-prints showed the existence of Strontium-90, a product of the H-Bomb, it was Yomani's considered opinion that Godzilla was resurrected due to repeated experiments with nuclear bombs.

A short while later I phoned my boss, George Lawrence, in Chicago and eagerly gave him the following headline: **SECURITY DECIDES TO USE DEPTH BOMBS AGAINST GODZILLA.** It would be the first real test of man's defenses against this prehistoric foe!

In the midst of all the excitement, I finally contacted my good friend, Dr. Serazowa, but declined to see him that evening when

he mentioned that Emyko was visiting. The marriage between Emyko and Dr. Serazowa had been arranged when they were both children, and while the girl wasn't in love with the great scientist, she had great respect and admiration for him. It proved difficult for her to tell him she was planning to marry the young sailor, Ogata.

But what was more important and, indeed, far more surprising lay in the doctor's mysterious laboratory. Before Emyko could explain her true feelings, Serazowa insisted she observe his new discovery. A large, beautiful fish tank stood in the center of his lab, and the girl seemed enchanted with it. Then, Serazowa placed a strange pellet into the water and pulled Emyko away. Bubbles arose furiously from the capsule, and Emyko screamed in revulsion!

Whatever it was she saw, the scientist made her promise to tell no one of it.

By the end of the day, it was generally assumed that the underwater demolitions had ended the short but terrible reign of Godzilla. There was a feeling of relief throughout Tokyo, even celebration, but both the hope and the celebration were short-lived.

For the massive creature was soon sighted rising from the ocean outside of Tokyo! Within moments the city was aware that Godzilla was inside the harbor, and panic began to spread and mount to uncontrollable proportions. The monster slashed at the ocean as the Japanese military began firing. Their bullets and rockets had no effect whatsoever. With the thunder of some monstrous demon, the creature climbed upon land! It was like the end of the world for the seaside citizens of Tokyo. Godzilla crushed automobiles and small houses beneath his massive feet. An oncoming train was savagely attacked, its steel cars crushed within the ferocious jaws of the prehistoric horror. The monster left a legacy of terror and destruction before it finally turned back toward the sea. But we knew that he would be back soon to destroy us all unless some means were found to combat him.

Tokyo was quick to ready its defenses. The city was surrounded by high-tension



King Kong heaves a boulder at Godzilla in **KING KONG VS. GODZILLA**.



Haphorah, the Smog Monster, feels the wrath of Godzilla in the reptile's latest screen appearance, **GODZILLA VS. THE SMOG MONSTER**.



King Kong and Godzilla raise the roof in KING KONG VS. GODZILLA.

electrical towers, and to get to the heart of the area, Godzilla would have to break through 300,000 volts of electricity! The officials were fighting against the clock to have everything ready by nightfall, and a general evacuation of all non-essential personnel was ordered. It was a monumental job, but a job that had to be done. By the early evening hours everyone was off the street. The news office commanded a good view of Tokyo and received all reports

directly from security headquarters. Everyone in the city was on a watch and wait basis. The wait . . . was not a long one.

Like some monstrous denizen of Hell, Godzilla emerged from the ocean depths and walked toward the shore. Here in Tokyo, time had been turned back two million years as the creature stalked defiantly across a well-guarded landscape. He was as tall as a thirty-story building, and we gasped with terror as he approached the



city's main line of defense: the 300,000 volts of electricity strung around Tokyo as a barrier against Godzilla! The monster cautiously neared the wires. Explosion after explosion of electrical power began! It seemed for a while as if, at long last, something had finally worked in stopping the prehistoric leviathan. But then our hopes died with the next fatal blow. From out of the monster's massive mouth came a stream of radioactive vapor! Spewing fire upon the life-saving electrical towers, the strong, steel girders became soft and weak, and began to melt. I could hardly believe what I was seeing. Now it seemed Tokyo had no defense!

The monster destroyed everything in its path. Nothing could withstand its otherworldly might! Buildings, bridges, aircraft, all were wiped from the face of the Earth by this incredible force of ancient nature. An entire tank battalion was sent out to point-blank firing range. The soldiers who commanded these defenses were incinerated in a matter of seconds! Death loomed over Tokyo. Godzilla roared and screamed his challenge into the fiery night sky, as if to alert man of his numbered days. And before I realized what was happening, the ceiling above me began to collapse, and I was soon buried under the wreckage.

Now, it's a blurred memory as I lie here in the hospital.

"Hi Emyko", I moan as the young girl's vision comes into focus and wracks me from my tormented dreams. Her fiancé is with her.

"Ogata!" I exclaim. "Anything new develop?"

Emyko answers before the sailor can even speak. "Nothing new will develop unless . . . I was shown a terrible secret, and was asked never to reveal it!"

I look the girl squarely in the face, and find my senses returning to me at long last. "Emyko", I ask soberly, "If you can help, you must! Last night Tokyo was destroyed. Tomorrow it might be Osaka or Yokohama."

"When I went to see Dr. Serazowa, I had intended to tell him of Ogata and me, but there was something he wanted to show me first . . . He had been experimenting with oxygen when he came upon a terrible

chemical discovery: A way to destroy all oxygen in water, thereby disintegrating all living matter! An amount no larger than a baseball could turn Tokyo Bay into a graveyard. Serazowa had found a terrible destructive power and until he could find a counteractive developed from his experiments, he didn't want the world to know his secret. He swore me to silence!"

Ogata eyes his future wife nervously. "Emyko! We need Dr. Serazowa's help. There is no other way!"

I nod in agreement, and then watch the young couple leave the hospital room.

I don't know what went on when Emyko and Ogata went to see the great scientist. I only know that he finally did consent to let them use the weapon, after burning the formula for the deadly discovery in his fireplace. We all stand together now, united in our hope for the future.

The boat, finding the location of Godzilla; the oxygen destroyer; all these are ready. Serazowa is assisting Ogata in placing the weapon deep under the water, as an announcer aboard the ship eagerly asks the world to "please stand by".

They've been under water for several minutes now. It seems like . . . wait! Serazowa seems to be having trouble! Ogata radioed that he refuses to come to the surface!

"Ogata, it is working!" Serazowa's voice crackles over the speaker. He can see the horrendous creature approaching in the distance, already feeling the effects of the deadly weapon. As Ogata is pulled to the surface, he can see his comrade remove a knife and start cutting his own hose! "Live happily with Emyko," he says.

The sea around us is erupting. We are motionless; still; waiting to see what happens next. Suddenly the monster appears! But he is not the terrifying sight that instilled fear and terror into our very souls as before. Godzilla is now bellowing his death throes. In an instant he disappears beneath the surface.

The menace is gone, and so is a great man. But now the whole world can wake up and live again, and perhaps now, with the example set by Dr. Serazowa, we can do so more wisely.

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# FORBIDDEN PLANET AND OTHER PLACES

What dread secret lies  
beneath the surface of  
Altair-4? Read on . . .



The earthship arrives on Altair-4, the **FORBIDDEN PLANET**.

"Monsters from the id" . . . monsters from the id? The year 1956 saw the elemental concerns of basic Freudian psychology taken to its ultimate limit in the science fiction classic, **FORBIDDEN PLANET**.

The film's plot revolves around the conflicts and situations found in Shakespeare's original drama of the fantastic—"The Tempest". Only in **FORBIDDEN PLANET**, the exiled magician, Prospero, is transformed into the professor of languages and culture, Morbius (Walter Pidgeon); the monster of the island, Caliban, becomes a huge, invisible monstrosity; and the "tinkerbell" of Shakespeare's play, Ariel, is lampooned on the screen as Robby, the robot.

Forbidden Planet is set in the not too

distant future (2200 A.D.). The main action of the film takes place on Altair-4, a planet many light years away from our puny solar system, where an exploring party of Earth scientists crashad nearly 20 years earlier. A rescue mission has been sent to find out what happened. These newcomers to Altair-4 are greeted by a civil warning not to land on the planet. Disregarding the seemingly unconfirmed "threat", Commander J.J. Adams (Laszlo Nanson) brings his star-cruiser to the surface of the planet to search for survivors. No sooner have the main characters been introduced on this stark "forbidden planet" (Warren Stevens as the faithful "Doc", Richard Anderson as the ship's Chief Engineer, Jack Kelley as the "romantic juvenile" and Earl Holliman as the comic relief cook) than the film's



Altira and a crew member have coffee poured by Robby the Robot on FORBIDDEN PLANET.

prime conflict is presented.

Picked up by Morbius' "toy", Robby, the officers of the ship are taken to the sole survivor of the Ballerophon. Morbius relates the tragic circumstances of the first year on Altair-4; of how everyone except he and his wife were savagely murdered by a mysterious, invisible force; of how his family had not been bothered by the "force" ever since. Fully satisfied that he has convinced the rescue mission that there is no need to rescue him, Morbius bids the spaceman a pleasant voyage back to Earth. And besides, Morbius could not spare the two years time it would take to journey back and forth to his motherland. His work is much more important than satisfying the goals of a silly rescue mission.

But somehow, in a gesture of meaningless bureaucracy, Adams must get an "OK" from his superiors if he is to allow

Morbius to stay at his home of the past 20 years. Simple things don't always come off as planned and, for some mysterious reason, a few pieces of vital equipment are found damaged beyond repair. But by what? Morbius agrees to send Robby down to help with the necessary repairs. In his spare time, the robot amuses himself by "brewing" up a batch of the smoothest tasting whiskey this side of Uranus for the liquor-starved cook (Earl Holliman).

Some of the crew suffer from starvation other than liquor. While the repairs are being made on the ship, Morbius' daughter Altira (Anna Francis) is being made in the garden. It seems that Jack Kelley hasn't seen a girl for a whole year, and by using the pretense of a biology lesson, places the young, naive beauty in a compromising situation. She innocently relates the incident to her father, and that night the



A scientist explains to the intrepid Commander Adams (Leslie Nielsen, center), and Doc that what they are looking at is a plaster impression of the footprint left by the invisible monster from the Id.

crippled space-cruiser is paid a visit by an invisible monster. Only this time, the creature does not stop with mere vandalism. After breaking into the ship it proceeds to smash a few items and then murder the ship's Chief Engineer, Morblus, when told of the strange turn of events, can only reply "Its happening all over again".

After this brutal murder, the ship's sophisticated defenses are set up. The area around the ship is scanned by radar, large "atomic" blasters are placed around the compound, and a small electrical force field surrounds the ship and its crew. But all these precautions are not enough to deter the powerful, unseen foe. As night comes, the scanners detect movement in the outer perimeter of the force field. A few random "blasts" have no noticeable effect. The monster is getting closer. Suddenly the unseen beast hits the force field, and amid a shower of "blaster" rays the outline of the giant monster is discerned. The crew gets a frightening glimpse at a beast which looks like a squat-legged, bushy-mained sloth. It wreaks the usual havoc and, unaffected by the firepower of the entire ship's crew, wanders away.

Adams and the every-present spirit of Mr. Roberts, Doc Ostrow, try to wrest the truth out of dear, sweet Morblus. It is here that the film takes on a truly magical



Rare view of the magnificent Krel machinery that stretches for miles beneath the surface of the FORBIDDEN PLANET.

aura. Morblus breaks down and relates the history of Altair-4, of its super-intelligent race of Krels (now extinct), of their vast technologies and most of all their still functioning power supplies. In the meantime, Ailtair, full of youthful zeal, falls in love with J.J. Adams. And he vice-versa. The overcoming of this invincible menace become even more important now.

Not fully believing the story being dished out by Morblus, Doc Ostrow and Commander Adams decide to get at the bottom of this mystery. And how will they do it, they ask? Simple, by giving their brains a tremendous boost on the Krel intelligence tester. So while J.J. is soothing



The Commander, Morbius, and Altira discuss local politics while Robby looks off into space, disinterested.



the nerves of his new-found love, Doc takes it upon himself to go the "boost" route alone. He wanders back a few minutes later, his head burnt in three telltale places. He expanded his mental capacity far beyond that of Morbius, but he had to pay the price. Near death, the super-intelligent Ostrow warns J.J. and Altira to beware the monster from the id! He dies in their arms before revealing the true meaning of his cryptic remark.

But it is really unnecessary, for in a matter of minutes, Morbius enters and in-



The conclusion of **FORBIDDEN PLANET**, as the earthmen return home with Robby at the helm. Altaire and the Commander, soon-to-be-married, look on from stage left.



Behind the scenes on **FORBIDDEN PLANET**, with a crew member, Robby, and Anne Francis.

stroyed the Krel civilization in a single night. And now it seemed that Morbius had succumbed to the same malaise. It was Morbius who caused the death of crew of the Bellerophon; it was Morbius who vandalized the ship; it was Morbius' subconscious mind that had harnessed the power of the Krels and was using it for its own nefarious ends. And now that same force was approaching Morbius' sanctuary. This was not conscious destruction on his part; rather, the subconscious mind is something over which we have no control!

Unable to believe that he was responsible for this incredible nightmare, Morbius ushers his daughter and unwilling guest into the Krel laboratory. It is here that Morbius hopes to defend his family and his sanity. At the force becomes uncontrollable, Morbius finally faces the truth of the situation and renounces his monster from the id. But it is too late. His disembodies subconscious has one goal in mind, to destroy all opposition to Morbius' naniacal desire for knowledge. In a futile attempt to thwart the overwhelming force, Morbius hurls himself at the beast; he is

advertantly reveals Ostrow's obscure warning. The id, he explains, is an obsolete term used to describe the subconscious mind. Adams now sees what Ostrow was getting at. The big event in the 20 centuries removed Krel research was to find a way to disembody the mind, to send force anywhere on the planet by mere thought. It was this unleashing of the mind that caused their downfall. The Krel forgot to take into account their own subconscious hates and desires. Once unleashed, the subconscious minds de-

fatally wounded and the subconscious monster is destroyed. Before he dies, Morbius manages to convince Adams that the best thing for mankind is to destroy the technology of the Krels. Adams throws a switch which sets off a series of unalterable chain reactions which will destroy the planet of Altair-4 in 24 hours. He dies. So as Adams, Altaira, Robby and the rest of the crew watch from a million miles out in space, the planet and all it's forbidden secrets explode in a magnificent finale. The cruiser turns it's attention to other matters and zips back to mother Earth.

Although deriving its plot, in part, from "The Tempest", **FORBIDDEN PLANET** can be seen to take up from where Shakespeare's "... brave new world" left off. The major focus of the film is no longer Prospero/Morbius' fight to overcome loneliness and alienation, but rather an attempt to wrench him from his new found paradise. This type of retelling of Shakespeare's work is not new. Famous fantasy writer, James Brach Cabell, did the same thing with "The Tempest" in his early 1930's novel "These Restless Heads". And to carry the point even further, it did not stop with **FORBIDDEN PLANET**. The 1970 Company Theatre production of "Caliban", which drew loosely from Shakespeare, by Cabell and Cyril Hume (the screenwriter of **FORBIDDEN PLANET**), can attest to that.

For all intents and purposes, MGM's **FORBIDDEN PLANET** was an attempt to add a bit of class to the science fiction film. The time was right for a serious attempt at producing an "A" budget feature, well rooted in the environment of speculative fiction. It was the first time a major American studio had ever tried such an expensive experiment with such an obvious sci-fi subject. **FORBIDDEN PLANET** was, in effect, a trial balloon testing the audience appeal of grand scale space operas. The general reaction was not as great as the studio had hoped for (primarily due to the non-flamboyant nature of the monster, in a period of time when

giant creatures and ugly mutations were the staple diet of monster movie fans) and whatever plans MGM had for upgrading the sci-fi film fell to the wayside until the coming of 2001: **A SPACE ODYSSEY**.

In retrospect however, **FORBIDDEN PLANET** remains the high point of the 1950's science fiction film; meticulously crafted, breathtakingly photographed (by George Fosley), tightly constructed, given an original soundtrack and most of all capably acted. Although the crew of the space cruiser come off looking like a bunch of dislocated sailors, the effect gives **FORBIDDEN PLANET** some objective link with the present. Much in the same way as Kubrick's "pay toilet" and chummy telephone conversation give 2001 a more identifiable setting. It is far more believable than **THIS ISLAND EARTH**'s (1955) pulpy situation and bubble-headed monsters. And it is all the more unbelievable when one considers the source of the inspiration for **FORBIDDEN PLANET**.

The director, Fred McLeod Wilcox, had distinguished himself previously as the creator of such endearing MGM 'classics' as **LASSIE COME HOME** among others. The set director was Cedric Gibbons, the work-horse of nearly every MGM production (as well as directing the 1934 classic **TARZAN AND HIS MATE**). The point I'm getting at is that these people knew about as much about sci-fi as Shirley Temple, and they proceeded to create something that seems to have spanned the test of time.

The credit must go somewhere! It certainly is not the sheer amount of electrical wires and mechanical tinkering (over 130 miles of electrical wires and a painted backdrop nearly 10 stories long) that account for its success. The credit must go to the studio, and its ability to put just the right emphasis on every aspect of the picture.

The novelty of the psychological monster was a factor for criticism when the film first premiered. However since its initial



release, **FORBIDDEN PLANET**'s obscure villain is not only effective, it is the link which gives the powder-puff story substance. But it is more than just the monster from the id that gives the film its aura of fascination. The Krel technology itself, with its Klystron generators and 7000 level power plants which give the film a pseudo-scientific basis.

And who else but Walter Pidgeon could deliver the history of the Krel with such force and admiration. The film was designed to be an invocation of the clash between civilization and nature. The Krel, on the one hand, the spirit of ultra-modern civilization. The mind (or more specifically, the subconscious), on the other hand, raw nature or sensuality. With the intrusion of the humans, the differences are not as well defined. Mankind's puny development left it quite close to its savage core. What with Walter Pidgeon's diatribe, into the fascinating heights of the Krel combined with his abberant hatred for interference, the perfect melting of Freud and science fiction came into existence.

Beyond its more philosophical overtones, **FORBIDDEN PLANET** is extremely entertaining. For every deep-rooted intellectual scene there was an opposing sequence inserted to maintain a proper attention span. For example the kissing lesson, Altala's innocent nude bath, the booze, the soggy puns—they all attempted to keep **FORBIDDEN PLANET** as entertaining as possible. And if they succeed, then the credit goes to the entire production. No single element contributes as much to the overall success of the film as does the element of frivolous entertainment.

It is common knowledge that the format for Television's **STAR TREK** came from **FORBIDDEN PLANET**. Even the show's original pilot episode, **MENAGERIE**, dealt with a situation in which an entire planet is forbidden territory. Whether this suggests that MGM hit the nail on the head with **FORBIDDEN PLANET**, going as far as they could go in the realm of sci-fi cinema, or else Roddanberry knew a good thing when he saw it, is a mystery that won't be as easy to solve as a monster from the id. Be it Walt Disney Studio's animator

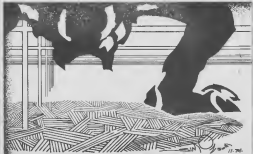
Josh Mendor, who created the animation for the invisible antly spawned from Morbius' demented psyche, or Robby the robot; whatever fascinated you in **FORBIDDEN PLANET**, must have done the same to Roddanberry. Catch a rerun of most any **STAR TREK** show and then compare it to **FORBIDDEN PLANET**; make note of the characterizations, check the careful use of set design, notice the futuristic jargon (how they talk)—and the odds are that a few "trekies" will pale from disillusionment. But enough of that.

It's better to leave on a happy thought. And what can be more joyful than saving a couple bucks (in the case of MGM a couple thousand bucks). The story concerns the eventual fate of Robby, the robot. After laying out all that money on a crazy robot contraption, MGM decided to resurrect their functional mechanical man in the stranga film **INVISIBLE BOY** (1958). After that, Robby made a few guest appearances on assorted television programs like **TWILIGHT ZONE**. But what of his ultimate fate? It seems that Robby has finally made his way to suburbia. And every Halloween Robby can be seen in front of a modest house in the San Gabriel Valley handing out trick-or-treat candy and doing a few assorted sight gags. He's come a long way from Altair-4, but at least now he is a functioning part of society.



One of Robby's many reincarnations was in the **INVISIBLE BOY**, his second screen appearance. In this 1957 film, Robby, here avades army gunfire as he invades a missile site.

Walt Simonson's interpretation of the monster from the Id caught in the ray blasts of an electric fence.





Little known secrets and long-lost films about comics mightest hero!

# BATMAN

## THE CAPED CRUSADER

So far, everyone that has written about screen appearances of the Batman have seen fit to give them a bad review. We must admit to all fans of the Caped Crusader that, after exposing ourselves to the product, compliments are few and far between.

King Features' comic strip heroes had been making their way onto the big screen with almost clockwork regularity (starting with Flash Gordon and going on thru such characters as Buck Rogers and The Phantom), before National Comics decided to actually commit one of their characters to screen adaptation. They had milled the idea over with Republic early on in 1940 in regard to Superman, but they could not come to terms. This ultimately led Republic Studios to produce one of the greatest (if not the greatest) serials of all times, **THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN MARVEL** (1941). Inspired by the success of this initial "superhero" serial as well as Republic's follow-up, **SPY SMASHER** (1942), National Comics determined to throw their lot in with the "Avis" of serial producers, Columbia Studios. They cranked out a timely (complete with WW II overtones), 15-chapter serial directed by Lambert Hillyer—**BATMAN** (1943).

For this historic event, Batman was played by Lewis Wilson, while a young Douglas Croft took on the chores as Robin—the Boy Wonder. Probably the best thing about this Columbia Chapter Play, produced by Rudolph Flothow, was its publicity material. And to add insult to injury in an already pretentious film, Robin was given a love interest—Shirley Patterson as the cap-

tivating "Linda." **BATMAN** had not only mush, but incredibly unmotivated cliffhangers and rescues.

One look at the product Columbia (in the guise of Flothow and Hillyer) determined to represent Batman and Robin tells all. The hero costumes for **BATMAN** looked like something bought at a local thrift store fit only to adorn the bodies of five-year-old kids on Halloween night. The "uniforms" were baggy, silly and absolutely unflattering. And the costumes were not the only thing that suffered from an unflattering situation. The plot, scripted by Victor McLeod, Leslie Swabacker and Harry Fraser, was laughable. The Caped Crusader waddled through his lines waiting only for the slightest provocation to start a fist fight.

The villain, Dr. Daka (J. Cerrol Naish), was the only bright spot in the entire 4 hour film. Naish, like Lionel Atwill ("The Scarab") in Republic's **CAPTAIN AMERICA** (1944), brought a bit of class to the proceedings. The main different between those villains and their hero-counterparts was that they (the villains) could act. Lewis Wilson looked uncomfortable, acted uncomfortably and ultimately made the audience uncomfortable as Batman. He seemed like a refugee from a masquerade party. Douglas Croft, the essence of dull-witted juvenility as Robin, was slightly more energetic but still overly self-conscious.

The thrill of Dr. Daka's electronic zombies and man-eating alligators was not enough to bring **BATMAN** to any recognizable level of sophistication. This apparent failure was not the fault of Columbia Stud-



The evil Wizard of **BATMAN** serial fame.

los, seeing that King Features' **THE PHANTOM** made by Columbia that same year came off smelling like a rose. The success of Falk's lavender Phantom was due mainly to the solid acting of Tom Tyler and the crack direction of B. Reeves Eason (the man responsible for the brilliant action sequences in Errol Flynn's classic adventure film **THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD**, 1937). What this suggests is that the ensemble hired to bring the exploits of Bob Kane's immortal Batman to the screen collapsed in an environment of mediocre talents.

In the years that followed, National was very hesitant about authorizing their comic book heroes to a career on the giant screen. There was, of course, Ralph Byrd's **VIGILANTE** (1947), then Kirk Alyn's immensely successful **SUPERMAN** (1948)

and in the same year Don McGuire's jungle adventure, **CONGO BILL**. The success of these serials (especially **SUPERMAN**'s) gave Columbia's giant—Sam Katzman—an idea. Why not bring Batman and Robin out of retirement? Brush off the mothballs, find some new leads . . . the whole thing had (as they say in Hollywood) "possibilities." So with Katzman at the helm, Spencer Bennet directing, and George A. Plympton, Joseph F. Poland and Royal Cole handling the screenplay, Columbia Studios ground out the new adventures of **BATMAN AND ROBIN** (1949).

For the return of the Dynamic Duo, the studio hired veteran actor Robert Lowrey to portray Batman. Robin was given to a contract player named John Duncan. If you thought the costumes for the first **BATMAN** serial were bad, then the ones for **BATMAN AND ROBIN** can only be described as "downright awful." This time the suits were not dumpy, they were just plain dumb. But beyond judging this book by its cover, the combined talents of Plympton, Katzman and Bennet could not give life to a picture as banal as **BATMAN AND ROBIN**. What with dashing off through Gotham City in search of the mysterious "Wizard" and trying to stop the evil machinations of his "remote-control" machine, Batman and Robin looked worn out and tired. This is not the most appealing image for a superhero to present.

Besides this new serial's attempt at serious slam-bang action was a desire to outdo the original **BATMAN** film. They didn't have to do much to top Wilson and Croft, but in the bargain, the makers of **BATMAN AND ROBIN** left something out completely. Where the original **BATMAN** was a comic book character, designed to entertain with moments of levity, Katzman's sequel worked at being amusing. A play which failed to amuse. The film had much more imagination, but the entire charm and appeal was lost. It was unfortunate that **BATMAN AND ROBIN** was made at a time in which the serial's popularity was waning. And for a variety of reasons, **BATMAN AND ROBIN** just did not have spark necessary to elevate it from its average status.



Batman vs. shark in the Adam West BATMAN feature length film.

If the reception given the second coming of Batman was any indication as to his role as a viable hero, then National Periodicals felt that the cowed crimefighter was better left in the dark. To be sure, the 50's were the years of **SUPERMAN**, both on television and occasionally the movie screen (compilations of the TV episodes). It seemed as though Batman had been forgotten. It wasn't until the mid 1960's that any interest was shown in reviving the exploits of the Dynamic Duo. But as all good things must come to an end, so too did the temporary obscurity of the filmic Batman. These were the years of camp, and camp meant things that were so bad that they were good. Enter Batman.

In Chicago during a lull in 1965, some

clever entrappranaur decided to book all fifteen chapters of Columbia's original **BATMAN** serial, and present it consecutively in one performance. The result was pandemonium. People were falling out of their chairs. The situations were so stupid that they were incredibly funny. Lewis Wilson became canonized. Camp had found its new demi-god. And while this was going on, in a crowded apartment in south Hollywood the seeds were being planted for a revival of Batman on film.

UCLA has bred some fine filmmakers; one of the more obscure but nevertheless ingenious products of this hallowed university was Richard Blackburn. Ha, along with a group of his buddies, had written a script featuring the Caped Crusader and

Lewis Wilson and Douglas Croft  
in the first BATMAN.



Robert Lowry  
and John Duncan  
as the caped  
crime-busters.

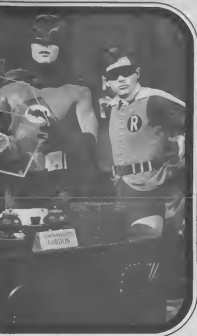


Neil Hamilton, Stafford Repp, Adam West, and

for a flamboyant amount of money. Blackburn was temporarily thrown out of the market, but he decided to make a short film just to determine whether or not his characterizations were viable. The result is the legendary **BATMAN MEETS MR. FIZZ**.

This bizarre entry into the world of comic fantasy presented Batman as a "John Barrymore" figure trying to be eloquent and full of integrity while on a perpetual drunk. His Robin was the effervescent Marshall Efron. The reaction of the collective audience at Royce Hall (UCLA's massive 1500 seat auditorium) was shock. Crude, irreverent and funny, **BATMAN MEETS MR. FUZZ** proved that there was some

his arch-villain The Joker. At this time, D.C. was planning to sell the movie rights to Batman for a ridiculously low sum. Everything looked great for Blackburn and his associates to plop their new version of the Dynamic Duo onto the screen (they were planning to use Bruce Cabot as Batman and Frankie Avalon as Batman). But the rug was pulled from under them when 20th Century Fox purchased the television rights



Burt Ward from the first BATMAN tv season.

life in the old boy yet.

Blackburn, in a spirit of true ambition, approached William Dozier with his film in the hopes of selling him on this new image. After seeing the film Dozier reeled in shock. He was livid. Obviously, Blackburn's vision of the Dynamic Duo was rejected for the more conventional and ultimately less creative visions of Adam West and Burt Ward.

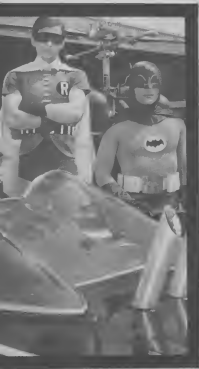
Blackburn, undaunted by the entire situation, kept right on working. And he has just recently completed his first feature film, **LEMURIA**. He served as writer, director and actor. And what of the epic **BATMAN MEETS MR. FIZZ**? It remains locked away

in the vaults of UCLA waiting for the day some other aspiring entrepreneur decides that the climate is right to revive a "lost classic."

The craze started by the re-release of Columbia's **BATMAN** serial was slightly muted by the revival of their second "turkey." But the entire foundation of camp was rattled by Dozier and his assault upon mediocrity. Dozier somehow managed to sell his show to ABC. They agreed to run the series which featured "class" actors as Batman's super-guest villains. It was not uncommon to see people like Otto Preminger, Cesar Romero, Burgess Meredith and Julia Newman running around on the TV screen dressed up as either Mr. Freeze, The Joker, The Penguin or The Catwoman. The emphasis of the show was deeply rooted in the concerns of camp mentality. The productions were rarely serious and, oftentimes, verging towards the absurd. Adam West (the sort of poor man's John Philip Law) was Batman; Burt Ward was his precocious ward Robin; Alan Napier played the loyal butler Alfred; and rounding out the cast of regulars was veteran actor Neil Hamilton as the conservative Police Commissioner Gordon.

For a surprisingly long period of time (three years), television's **BATMAN** enjoyed an impressive following. The "success" of the show inspired all sorts of manufacturers to bring out Batman dolls, Batman puzzles, Batman toys and Batman games. Major portions of the audience began to actually look forward to the show's incredible dependence on "pop art." Even the redundant theme music written for the TV show was played constantly over the radio. In one way or another the producers of the new **BATMAN** were going to inject the Caped Crusader into almost every facet of the American culture. But all this did was to give ABC's **BATMAN** the distinction of being remembered as the Kahotek of television. The great expectations ostracized for the show fizzled away after weeks and weeks of contrived situations and awful expletives (Robin's famous "Holy Whatzits").

The show did, in a small way, try to recapture the spirit of the old serials. Each episode would include a cliff-hanging situa-



A scene from the **BATMAN** movie, featuring some of the gadgetry evidenced therein.

first installment was used to introduce the major villain, delineate the crime that was hatching in his/her evil mind and then put Batman and his intrepid comrade in some compromising situation. The second show would recap the events leading up to Batman's sticky situation and then, in an outburst of unmatched bravura, detail the tricky manner in which the Dynamic Duo would engineer their escape. Throughout the series, the elements of "cat & mouse" were used and reused to the point of pure absurdity. The worst thing about this dumb reworking of the serial format was the artificial creation of tension ("Will Batman fall prey to the jaws of the hungry tiger? . . . Will Robin freeze to death? . . .")

Throughout the show, violence was kept at a low level. The major preoccupation with violence, an association made with serials and super-heroes as far back as **FANTOMAS**, was cleverly disguised in **BATMAN**. Worried about offending the sensibilities of a young audience, the makers of TV's **BATMAN** substituted cleverly elliptical cutting and the insertion of large colorful words like, "POW, ZAP, SPLAT, BIFF, BONG and KRUNCH" all accompanied by appropriate sound effects, for the time honored confrontation of the slam-bang, old-fashioned fistfight. The idea was clever, to a point, but after a while the writers and directors had fallen into the age old trap of convention. Where **BATMAN** had been unconventional in the beginning, it was now dull and ineffective.

Accompanying the series' lack of violence, was its definite "square" sense of humor. Adam West pontificating on the virtues of drinking milk and Robin's model of adolescent conformity gave the films about as much effectiveness as the **NEW ZOO REVIEW**. Most people saw through the obvious facade of sincerity implied in television's defense of middle class values.

tion interrupted by the intrusion of the everpresent commercial. This homage was expanded in a later season. ABC, who had brought three episodes of **PEYTON PLACE** to the masses each week during prime broadcast time, allowed **BATMAN** the distinction of two weekly installments. The





Robert Lowry in the Batcave, doing investigative work while John Duncan looks on.



There was, however, a strong sense of satire present in the series. Not a good sense of satire, but a strong sense of satire. The programs were ripe with puns and countless "Henny Youngman rejects." For all intents and purposes the major concerns of camp were being met. Inherent in the structure of camp, however, is its ability to fuzz out as quickly as it flashed in. This is what happened with **BATMAN**. Not cetering to the tastes and true qualifications expected by a large enough viewing audience, **BATMAN** dissolved in a avalanche of bad puns and corny sight-gags.

As the series' ratings continued to drop, all sorts of bizarre gimmicks were tried to boost its sagging popularity. One such off-screen gimmick had Adam West undergo extensive physical examinations to determine whether or not he was in tip-top shape or in reality possessed a bulging, flabby tummy. Stunts like that went out with **FOOT-LIGHT PARADE** (1933). However sadly one regrets the passing away of an old friend, **BATMAN**'s eventual "death" gave nobody any sleepless nights (except maybe the people who drew money trying to put the show together).

But before the taste of stale TV vanished from our lips, **BATMAN** was resurrected for the big screen. Adam West and the gang were thrust in an original screenplay which pitted the cowed crimefighter against every villain of major importance this side of paradise. The plot and situations were basically the same, only in the movie version of **BATMAN**, the production values were a little higher (they could not have gone much lower) and the thrills were a bit more exciting.

But it was Robin who seemed to sum things up the best when, while trapped in a burning church, he voiced the haunting exclamation, "Holy Smoke!"

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# KARLOFF

## MONSTER

## EXTRAORDINAIRE

A career biography of filmdom's greatest monster movie actor.



Karloff in *SON OF FRANKENSTEIN*.

In a career that spanned some 40-odd years, the name of William Henry Pratt might not be remembered as belonging to a man of a thousand faces; but as soon as one mentions his assumed name, Boris Karloff, an overwhelming sense of uneasiness fills the air.

Karloff, the name itself carrying sinister overtones, had been making the rounds of various motion picture studios during the golden age of the silent screen. He had appeared in minor supporting roles in massive extravaganzas like *OLD IRON-SIDES* (1926) — if one had the misfortune of blinking at the wrong moment Karloff's entire scene might be eliminated from the film—as well as such bizarre characterizations as the crazed hypnotist in *THE BELLS* (1926). In any event, Hollywood had been good to Boris, an immigrant from the British Isles, and little by little he began making quite a name for himself as an actor of solid talent. Not bad for someone who had spent nearly one-quarter of his life in front of a 35MM camera!

Breaks come to us all, and sometimes we are not always perceptive enough to make the most of them. A case in point was Lugosi's refusal to play Mary Shelley's immortal monster for Universal's production of *FRANKENSTEIN* (1931), a part in which after an initial screentest he refused to play. Karloff, on the other hand, was perceptive—he took advantage of this "un-glamorous" situation and turned in what

was to become a classic screen performance. Karloff made a lasting impression on Hollywood's mythology as a living, breathing recreation of the infamous Frankenstein Monster.

Originally Robert Florey, a one-time assistant to the marvelous French filmmaker Louis de Feuillade (**FANTOMAS, LES VAMPIRES**), had been assigned to direct the film. He had started to work on the screenplay, and had even shot a few tests. It was Florey's idea to change Shelley's "monster" into a real monster, by giving it the brain of a madman. Thus in one fell swoop, Florey undercut the entire Romantic core that Shelley had worked so hard to instill. But once Lugosi decided to bow out, it was not long before the entire regime fell into new hands. The man chosen to replace Florey as the guiding force behind **FRANKENSTEIN** was the young British director, James Whale.

Karloff was given a superb mentor in the guise of Whale—an artist who was to become the master of Universal's horror cycle. Add to this the nervous twitching of Dwight Frye and the icy gaze of Colin Clive as Dr. Frankenstein, and one has a cold and calculating horror masterpiece.

It seems that the entire production of **FRANKENSTEIN** was geared to produce a dehumanized and cynical atmosphere. There was a little humor in Whale's first trip into the world of the macabre. The horrible blasphemies performed by Clive



Karloff as **THE WALKING DEAD**, a 1936 Warner Brothers film.



Karloff destroys Bela Lugosi, a rival scientist, in **THE INVISIBLE RAY**, Universal's 1936 sci-fi thriller.

on the disembodied limbs and organs of countless unfortunates in order to create a living testament to his "genius" were void of levity. Karloff, a genial man by nature, was given an assignment designed to titillate and frighten. Even Arthur Edson's stark photography was given a sickening pallor by being tinted arville shade of green on its initial release. Two more **FRANKENSTEIN** films followed; more on these later.

Universal knew that the horror market belonged to them, but what they didn't know was that by allowing Karloff to come "face to face" with millions of screaming movie-goers around the world a flood of horror films would have to be cranked out just to satisfy the appetite of a hungry mob thirsting for bigger and better thrills.



Boris Karloff as the radioactivated star of **DIE, MONSTER, DIE**, an adaptation of HP Lovecraft's **THE COLOUR OUT OF SPACE**.

So while Universal went about making low-brow programmers featuring such notables as Irving Pichel and lovable Bela, Whale went about producing perhaps his finest gothic melodrama—**THE OLD DARK HOUSE** (1932). Again, Karloff was featured. Only this time he played a deformed member of a strange household of bizzarros. He was supported ably by Charles Laugh-ton, Melvyn Douglas, Ernest Thesinger and Raymond Massey. The plot was simple; put an unsuspecting, normal man into an environment of queer uneasiness, blend in a bit of humor (the original story came from the pen of J.B. Priestly) and fright and presto... **THE OLD DARK HOUSE**.

The film has been unavailable for many years due to a variety of reasons, much in the same way The Marx Bros' **ANIMAL CRACKERS** was. But it has managed to pop up at a few retrospectives and private screenings and attests to the unerring genius of Whale and his associates. Karloff as the brooding man-servant was deliciously malicious.

Once Karloff got started, there was no stopping him. In the next five years he cranked out monster after monster. One month he might be cast as a vengeful mummy out to requit his love. (In the 1934 thriller **THE MUMMY**, Karloff's Amon-Ra somehow managed to retain a soul; a soul tormented by the inequities of the past.) The next month he might be a demented scientist on the verge of an important, but nevertheless diabolical discovery.

Karloff and Lugosi were destined to be co-stars. It was only a matter of time before Universal cast them in a number of films together. Probably the most notable of which were **THE BLACK CAT** (1934) and **THE INVISIBLE RAY** (1936). In each film Lugosi is allowed to retain his hold on reality while Karloff either breaks down under the mounting pressures of his strained convictions or is transformed into a luminous fiend by some extraterrestrial force. Most of the credit for **THE BLACK CAT** must go to Edgar G. Ulmer. Ulmer directed the film with style and verve, allowing Boris and Bela a chance to play



Karloff as the mummified fiend in **THE RAVEN**, version #1.

out their "last tango" atop a mass grave filled with the remains of soldiers from the first world war. The film was almost Germanic, giving it a sense of painful agony from the very first shot. **THE INVISIBLE RAY** was not so stylish. In this film the action rested with the characters. Karloff played a scientist, filled with the most humanitarian of motives. However throughout the course of the film he becomes jaded, ending up as an uncontrollable murder killing everyone he touches.

In between these earlier films, Boris returned to Mother England for a well-deserved rest. While there, he was cajoled into making a "quickie" horror flick. The result was **THE GHOUL**. In this film Karloff portrays a dying Egyptologist whose eccentricities lead him to believe in the mystic rites of the jewel of eternal light. He believes that if he is buried with the said jewel, he will be resurrected and live forever. After years of tracking down the jewel he dies secure in the knowledge that the gem of the eternal light is buried with him. However the jewel does not remain with the deceased professor, and while an assorted group of relatives and odd-balls chase each other around trying to locate the valuable trinket the professor returns from the dead to find the talisman before his "time runs out". The film was a taut, atmospheric thriller which boasted an incredible cast: Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Sir Ralph Richardson and Ernest Thesiger. **THE GHOUL**, directed by T. Hayes Hunter, was the first British film to receive an "H" certificate—an equivalent to an "X" rating banning children under the age of 16 from seeing it. Imagine something like that as far back as 1933. Seen today, **THE GHOUL** is reminiscent of Hollywood at its most Horrible.

Any discussion of Karloff's films would



not be complete without mentioning his greatest film, **THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**. Made in 1935, this film once again reunited Karloff with the urbane and sophisticated James Whale. (The film was an absolute success.) The production was grand, the acting was superb, the monster learned how to talk and the film was given an original score. In fact, the score was so good that Universal saw fit to use it over and over again in their Flash Gordon serials. It was the first serious film score written by Franz Waxman, and it insured him a lasting place as a great music composer.

By the time of **BRIDE**, Whale had directed a handful of mediocre soapers and was ready to get back to doing what he liked best. Every shot in the film is masterfully composed and directed. Much of the credit must go to John D. Mescall's stunning photography, but Karloff really brought it all together. He treated the monster with a delicate sensitivity; he was soothed by the strains of soft music, he was puzzled by the limpness of a dead child, allowed the monster to feel passion and understand futility. The Horror Film reached its peak with **THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, but Karloff's career kept right on going.



An extremely rare still of Lou Costello, Karloff, and Bud Abbott on the set of **ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET THE KILLER**. The occasion is Karloff's birthday.

Boris played the monster one last time in **THE SON OF FRANKENSTEIN** (1939). This time he was co-starred with Basil (Sherlock Holmes) Rathbone and Bela Lugosi as the hunchbacked Ygor. The film was good. It was capably directed by Rowland V. Lee, who also produced the film. The settings were great but the overall effectiveness of the script was lacking. By this time Universal was well on its way into the remake and sequel school of film-making. In that same year, Karloff and Rathbone teamed up with Mr. Lee to create **THE TOWER OF LONDON**, a moody period film detailing the chronicle of Richard III's vile reign.

It was about this time that Boris began to wander away from the Universal fold. He starred in a series of films for Columbia Studio and ultimately ended up working for Val Lewton in the late 1940's. On his years at Columbia, veteran director Edward Dmytryk remembers Karloff as a "kitten." The films like **THE APE** (1940) and **THE DEVIL COMMANDS** (1941) were filled with, what Edward Dmytryk called, "gruesomes". He was not referring to the actors, but rather to the crazy "arty" photography and compositions stuck in the films in the hopes that someone would see them and think that the film-makers had style. For the most part the films made with Karloff in the mid-Forties were conventional. Conventional that is until he met up with the darling of RKO's "B" product, Val Lewton.

With **BEDLAM**, **ISLE OF THE DEAD**, and **THE BODY SNATCHER** Karloff re-established himself as not only a fine actor but also a great "monster". In **BEDLAM** (1946) and the inferior **ISLE OF THE DEAD** (1945) Karloff serves as a delightfully evil impersonation. The characterizations are better drawn than his earlier Universal films, and he is given an opportunity to act. However in **THE BODY SNATCHER** (1945) Karloff returns in full force.

As Grey, the body snatcher, Boris is brilliant. He leers around his Victorian environment, appraising victims after heavy guards are placed around the cemeteries to prevent grave-robbing. The films final



Karloff as **THE BODY SNATCHER**.



Edward Van Sloan tries to down Karloff in **FRANK-ENSTEIN**, but ends up, himself, in an early grave.



Columbia's 1941 laboratory epic **THE MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG**, with Karloff as said man.

sequence with the newly dug-up corpse assuming the appearance of Master Grey ranks among the most effective horror scenes of all time. **THE BODY SNATCHER** was probably the last time Karloff was really given a chance to do something creative and stylish until the early 1960's and Roger Corman.

Cogtrarily, if there was one time in which the nama Boris Karloff should have been removed from sight, it was in Universal's colossal dud **ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET THE KILLER, BORIS KARLOFF**. Not only is Karloff miscast, but to add insult to injury, the studio felt obliged to include Karloff's name on the title. The film is a joke. Karloff's role was a joke. Everyone in the audience expecting a joke was in for a long wait. Karloff could handle comedy; case in point is Seme Goldwyn's medcep Danny Kaye vehicle **THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY** (1947). But taken out of the hands of eble screenwriters, self-parody is often flat and boring. After bidding a fond ferewell to Abbott and Costello, Karloff teamed up with Charles Laughton to turn out **THE STRANGE DOOR**, and the door was not the only strange thing about this 1951 effort.

The horror film by the 1950's had really suffered. Science Fiction was now the "in" thing. Unfortunately, Karloff could not meke his way into the sci-fi market. He was too well associated with the horror film. That is why something like **THE STRANGE DOOR** never quite really made it. Irregardless of the fact that it is a pretty averaga movie.

It seems that Universal was not going to give Boris a break, after another attempt to revitalize the horror market (**THE BLACK CASTLE**) they plopped him back with Abbott and Costello. The film was **ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE** (1953). This title was even longer then the last one, and the plot was even more boring. Karloff played, neturelly, Dr. Jekyll. Only for this version Jekyll was an overpowering bad guy.

The only thing once could say for the years between 1953 and 1963 was "Thank goodness for television". Despite a few



Boris Karloff believes in the old adage, 'an eye for an eye . . .' as he builds **FRANKENSTEIN** 1970.

minor efforts by Karloff, **THE HAUNTED STRANGLER**, and **FRANKENSTEIN** 1970 (both 1958), his major achievement was **THRILLER**, his 60 minute weekly television show which he hosted and occasionally starred in. Karloff had to wait until Roger Corman to really get back into things. His return came in a series of films made for American-International. From **THE RAVEN** through **TARGETS** Karloff proved that age was no restriction for talent.

Of this last period in Karloff's career, three films stand out. His first effort for Roger Corman, **THE RAVEN** (1963) is a crazy, wistful fantasy based loosely on the writing of Edgar Allan Poe. In the film Karloff and Peter Loree and Vincent Price all play magicians bent on showing off their arcane powers. The film is irreverent, sinister and inventive. Karloff, in his seventies, was well-able to keep up with the rest of the troupe. After the success of **THE RAVEN**, Corman followed it with a quickie, **THE TERROR**. For the most part Corman's use of Karloff revolved around the most efficient use of his money spent for the services of the monster extraordinaire.

Boris in his later years was in the habit of zipping back and forth to England. While in England he was contacted by Michael Reeves of the Tigon studio and asked if he would like to make a film. He consented. The film that came out of the meeting between Reeves and Karloff was **THE SORCERERS** (1967). It was given the grand prize at the Brussels Science Fiction Film Festival as well as numerous other awards. The story concerns an aging couple (Karloff and Catherine Lacey) who have perfected a device which enables them to take over another persons body. Through some clever photography and editing the elderly couple experience life through the body of their young "guinea pig". All goes well until Lacey decides that simple thrills are not enough. She wants more. Karloff, unable to stop his wife's mad desire for power, destroys his apparatus and their lives at the same time.

The film was made with a modest budget and on a limited shooting schedule. Reeves, who had directed only one movie before that, was well on his way to becoming another Terrence Fisher with a bit of James Whale thrown in for good measure. But as

Karloff, in the first *THE RAVEN*, is disfigured and demented . . . but still a character with whom to sympathize.

fate would have it, Reeves died shortly after completing his third film, not yet 30 years old.

The last good film that Boris had the good fortune to star in was **TARGETS** (1968). It is interesting not only for Karloff's mannered performance but also because it was the directorial debut of a young film-critic turned director, Peter Bogdanovich. The film is a complex interweaving of two not totally dissimilar stories. The first story deals with an aging film star, Bryon Orlock, whose career has been filled with assignments on horror films. Bogdanovich "co-stars" as a young director, and spends much of his screen time reminiscing about the state of horror films in general. The second story is not quite as chummy. It deals with the aberrations of a young middle-class white. He, for one reason or another, cannot cope with the pressures of his lifestyle and goes on a killing rampage. He starts off, mildly enough, by gunning down his family. Then he takes on the guise of an impersonal killer, while sitting atop a petroleum tower, blasting innocent people as they pass by on the freeway. The film concludes by drawing the two stories together. It is a bit contrived, the sniper hiding behind the screen of a drive-in movie which just happens to be premiering Karloff's latest film, but the actual confrontation is powerful and ultimately believable.

It is sad that Boris is no longer with us. However, we must keep in mind that one of the things that film does best is to preserve the past, keeping it alive and fresh. And one need only turn on the television set to find a young Boris Karloff doing his best to frighten the living daylights out of you, to prove that point.



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# CREATUREALM

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FAN  
MAGAZINE**



TURN THE PAGE . . .

# CREATUREALM

## RESULTS

The response to our first battery of terror-filled tests was overwhelming! Just sorting the answers was quite an "undertaking!" But shining out of the mire was Douglas Prosch, winner of **THE LEGEND OF THE LOST** photo otherwise known as **THE CRAWLING EYE**. And our grand prize, a sparkling **STAR TREK MEDALLION**, goes to John E. Parnum! Congrats, gents! Now here are the results, winners all!

### MOVIE MONSTERS

Rick Phares  
Derek S. Johnson  
Mark Osmowitz  
Steven Drolich  
Navah Cohen  
Mark Rainey  
Dwayne Detrow  
David Lange  
Eric Leusch  
Kevin Montano  
Berry Wooldridge  
Thomas Zeigler  
John A. Lobachewski  
Tom Krenke  
Mike Rona  
Denny Brett  
Jimmy Smith  
Brent May  
Alex Jay  
Steve Cegent  
Rickey Jay Oliphant  
Greg Tregrove  
Gerard Dugais  
Gary Greenberg  
Robert Gagne  
David Gonzalez  
Tom Matthews  
Steve Parmley  
Ken Meyer Jr.  
Todd Spine  
Paul Glick  
Matthew Baermen  
David Clark  
Kevin Clark  
Rodney Crosno  
Wayne Wright  
Rick Hazeldine  
Eric Holland  
Jeff Bucher  
Brad Cleveland  
Butch Collins  
Terry Tominega

### MOVIE ACTORS

Eric Witowski  
Kent Medden  
Bob Getton  
Paul Glick  
John A. Lobachewski  
Tom Krenke  
Ricky Jay Oliphant  
Gerard Dugais

### SCI-FI MATCH

Ted Metcalfe  
Jeff Menbs  
George Turney  
Mark Rainey  
Tom Krenke  
Mike Ronen  
Denny Brett  
Jimmy Smith  
Brent May  
Joseph Shivers  
Lerry Teddeo  
Pat Boyle  
Edward Sullivan  
Joseph Webb  
Alexander Lugones  
Jim Frater  
Joe Wilnushots Jr.  
Edward P. Ferrell  
Doug Dree  
John Speidel  
Dwayne Detrow  
David Lange  
Eric Leusch  
Kevin Montano  
Berry Wooldridge  
Eric Witowski  
Steve Chagent

### CREEPY COLORS

Paul Jerry  
Kns Ferrari  
Jonethen Jordan  
Robert Jaffe  
Michael Costes  
Rick Phares  
Danny Leeder  
Mark Hill  
Joseph Webb  
Alexander Lugones  
Terry Meads  
Terry Meads  
Jim Frater  
Joe Wilnushots Jr.  
Edward Farrell  
Doug Dree  
Roger Snyder  
John Spedel  
Neveh Cohen  
Mike Eckenrod  
Dwayne Detrow  
David Lange  
Eric Lausch  
Kevin Montano  
Berry Wooldridge  
Thomas Zeigler  
Eric Witowski  
John Lobachewski  
Ralph Venere  
Steve Chagent  
Richie Loshievo  
Ricky Oliphant  
Helena Baia  
Jack Castello  
Robert Gagne  
David Gonzalez

### MONSTER FILMS

Edward Drew  
Tom Krenke  
John Lobachewski  
Paul Jacobs  
Mike Rona  
Denny Brett  
Jimmy Smith  
Brent May  
Ralph Venere  
Gerard Dugais  
Gary Greenberg  
David Gonzalez  
Tom Matthews  
Neal Ferber  
Bob Getton  
Steve Parmley  
Ken Meyer Jr.  
Gary Wayne Anderson  
Rodney Crosno  
David Clerk  
Kevin Clerk  
Wayne Wright  
Butch Collins  
Terry Tominega  
Danny Metomek  
John Edwerds

## 100% CORRECT ALL FIVE TESTS!

### CONGRATULATIONS!

Paul Jacobs  
Fred Chodkowski  
Richard Drachtmen  
Pete Deulton  
Michael Tuz  
Joel Eisner

Terry Wetts  
Don Lindsey  
Curt Herdaway  
Larry Earebino  
Sheldon Ranz  
Mike Kimball

Jeff Fareone  
Paul Stadinger  
Ken Regalado  
David Montero  
Robert Quick

# LEGEND OF THE LOST

In the last two issues of **MM**, our mystery photo has been restricted to the movie theaters. This issue, we dedicate **LOTL** to the television screen.

And, not only do we need the name of the sanas from which this photo hails, but the name of the episode, and its series will!

The contestant who correctly identifies this still will win it for his own! Good luck.



## DR. FRANKENSTEIN'S BRAIN TWISTERS

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SILTOLPROHOSRHOR  
ANRETEAMOW

LEHOTDORWSLT  
LOMIMECAFREN  
BADFETHOIFAG

### STAR TREK

Match the actor with the role!

Kiwi Kingston	Cavor in "First Man in the Moon"
Bele Lugosi	Edward Lonhaart in "Theater of Blood"
Torin Thatcher	Sokureh in "The 7th Voyage of Sinbad"
Vincent Price	Ygor in "Son of Frankenstein"
Lionel Jeffries	Quasimodo in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"
Jeff Morrow	Jack Driscoll in "King Kong"
Charlton Heston	ICaesar in "Conquest of the Planet of the Apes"
Charles Laughton	Exeter in "This Island Earth"
Bruce Cabot	Robert Neville in "The Omega Man"
Roddy McDowall	Capt. Hendy in "The Thing"
Kenneth Tobay	Frankenstein Monster in "The Evil of Frankenstein"

Welcome to our laboratory! The good doctor and his monstrously, mangled, mutilated, mutated, manels have been hard at work, experimenting to see which terrible test will make their collection of naked brains scream the most.

Here is the first batch of his results. Good luck, and we hope to see your name up on the silver screen in **MM** #5!

### MONSTERS OF RANK

Fantasy or horror films with titles indicating royalty or military rank.

Dracula, \_\_\_\_\_ of Darkness  
\_\_\_\_\_ Kong

The Little \_\_\_\_\_  
War \_\_\_\_\_ of the Deep \_\_\_\_\_  
Godzilla, \_\_\_\_\_ of the Monsters  
\_\_\_\_\_ Nemo and the Under-  
water City  
\_\_\_\_\_ of Outer Space

### TWO HEADED HORRORS

How many films listed below featured monsters with more than one head?

JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS	LAND UNKNOWN
MANSTER	7 SEVEN FACES OF DR. LAO
GHIRDRAH	THE GIANT CLAW
7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD	THE WOMAN EATER
JACK THE GIANT KILLER	THE H-MAN

Send all answers to CREATUREALM, c/o See-board, 717 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

Topping the list this month is the greatest monster of them all: **FRANKENSTEIN!** And with talents such as Peter Cushing, Terence Fisher, Andy Warhol, Mel Brooks, Gene Wilder, and Peter Boyle creating their own versions of that sympathetic horror, you can't go wrong!

*Frankenstein and the Monster From Hell* is a "return to form" for the Hammer studios as they even the "same old story" by placing it in an insane asylum under the direction (and dissection) of Dr. Frankenstein! Severed hands, grave robbery, and general insanity make this one of the finest examples of recent horror available.

Warhol's *Frankenstein*, on the other hand, is simply an X-rated grab-bag of gore in 3-D. If flying guts and massaged spleens are your cup of blood, leech onto this epic freak show oozing across the country! Blazing Saddles have turned to blazing brins for Mel Brooks and company, as Merty Feldman drops the bottled brain of a famous scientist and places, into Peter Boyles' head, instead, that of one "Abby Normal." Gene Wilder stars and co-wrote the Mel Brooks' directed *Young Frankenstein*, even now lumbering toward your favorite theater.

As if not to slight the blood brethren of Frankenstein, Count Dracula appears by night (matinee optional) in two more exquisitely sweetened productions.

Hammer Films, in cooperation with Warner Brothers, presents Christopher Lee for the eighth and (says Lee) last time in *The Satanic Rites of Dracula*.

Meanwhile, Warhol is busy getting Paul Morrissey to put on the final touches on his second X-rated horror feature, simply titled, *Dracula*.

Brian De Palma, after the relative success of his gory *Sisters*, follows up with yet another variation of a horror classic by creating the Phenomenon of the Paradise. Not content with that one theme, he throws in dashes of *The Devil* and *Daniel Webster* and bits of *The Picture of Dorian Grey*, as well. Combine De Palma's high cinematic energy with star Paul Williams' (*Battle For the Planet of the Apes*) rock and roll score, and

you've got a winner, screening nationwide now!

Television is not to be out done, either. A.B.C.'s *Movie of the Week* format is perfect for shockers, and the station keeps the studios busy!

*The Werewolf of Woodstock* is just one recent example. This stars Neville Brand as a seemingly peaceful farmer who gets hairy himself when a bunch of long haired "hippies" start to party on his land.

Following along will be Doug McClure and Kim Novak in *The Devil's See*. This tells of the lone survivor of the infamous Devil's Triangle telling her tale, and the young Coast Guard officer who investigates it.

**THE CREATURES OF CHRISTMAS.** Some history making movies will be released during this jolly holiday season which we guarantee will change your good cheer into good fear!

And the greatest horror of all is good of Mother Nature, herself! Already well-represented by the epic *Earthquake*, her coup de grace comes as a "trial by fire" in *The Towering Inferno*. Boasting a stellar cast, producer Irwin Allen puts Paul Newman, Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway, and many others through some of the most riveting and spectacular scenes in cinema history! Besides the cast and Allen's own quality of production, the combined financial backing of two major companies (Warners and Twentieth Century Fox) doesn't hurt either!

Pure human horror is seen in the form of Christopher Lee (again) as "Pistols Screemange" who's paid a million dollars to kill James Bond! The land is where Roger Moore as 007 faces this worthy adversary, *The Man with the Golden Gun*, released by United Artists.

Warner Brothers isn't far behind, mauling Bond with the monument of might, *Doc Savage, Man of Bronze*. W.B. has learned from their huge success, *The Exorcist*, as well, evidenced by *N Lves*, a tale of infant possession.

Screenwriter/author Ira Levin wrote *The Stepford Wives* along the same lines as his previous best-seller *Rosemary's Baby*. Now, Bryan Forbes is filming Katherine Ross and Pat

O'Neil, involved in some strange goings-on in a Connecticut town.

Finally, the Wolfman gets a double going over by Hammer and Amicus. First, the already completed *Beast Must Die*, with Calvin Lockhart as a modern big game hunter after the biggest game of all, the werewolf! But first, he has to find one. And in production now with Ron Moody (the fine Fagan of *Oliver*) is *The Legend of the Werewolf*!

And there are more horror related books than ever before! The works of H.P. Lovecraft, Bierce and Alfred Hitchcock have always been around, but now, added to that respectable list are Vic Gheisla's anthologies *Gosselash*, *Beware All Beasts* and *Beware More Beasts* (co-edited with R. Ellwood).

Both Pinnacle and D.A.W. paperbacks have entered the field with definitive collections of petrifying prose.

And for all you film freaks, Avon Books has published *A Heritage of Horror*, the study of the English "gothic cinema," primarily focusing on Hammer studios.

Among the great bargains found in hardcover is the *Monsters Who's Who*, an encyclopedia of beasts and an invaluable source of monstrous information and entertainment.

Octopus Books has compiled a rich treasury as well with its *Horror Movies* volume, crammed with graphic and glossy photos.

But, perhaps the definitive works belong to Walt Lee and William K. Everson. Lee's *Guide to Fantastic Films* is a three volume dictionary of every horror movie ever made, while Everson's massive volume *Glossary of the Horror Film* covers the history of horror from a knowledgeable viewer's point of view.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Buck Owens has recorded it's a *Monster's Holiday* with Frankenstein, Dracula, and the Wolfman pictured on the album jacket.

Finally, Christopher Lee makes his third appearance narrating a well-produced disc for Capitol Records, aptly titled *Dracula*. This Hammer-produced LP also features soundtrack music from three of the studio's best fright films!

## Answers To Movie Monsters #1 KREL BRAIN BOOST

### MOVIE MONSTERS

GORG  
GODZILLA  
RETIICUS  
KONGA  
GHIDRAH  
DRACULA  
FRANKENSTEIN  
MUMMY  
WOLFMAN  
TRIFFID  
RODAN  
MOTHRA  
GWANGI  
BLOB  
CALTIKI

### MONSTER FILMS

MIGHTY JOE YOUNG  
KING KONG  
PLANET OF THE APES  
HORROR OF DRACULA  
REVENGE OF THE CREATURE  
CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF  
THE APE MAN  
GOLIATH AND THE DRAGON  
TROG  
SON OF KONG  
BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN  
THE EXORCIST  
HERCULES  
DINOSAURUS  
RETURN OF THE APEMAN

### MOVIE ACTORS

BORIS KARLOFF  
BELA LUGOSI  
LON CHANEY  
JOHN CARRADINE  
VINCENT PRICE  
PETER LORRE  
FAY WRAY  
BARRY ATWATER  
ELSA LANCHESTER  
CLAUDE RAINS  
JOHN AGAR  
CHRISTOPHER LEE  
PETER CUSHING  
BASIL RATHBONE  
JONATHAN FRID

### CREEPY COLORS

ANGRY RED PLANET  
SOYLENT GREEN  
A CLOCKWORK ORANGE  
MONSTER FROM GREEN HELL  
WHITE ZOMBIE  
MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH  
THE BLACK CAT  
THE BLACK SCORPION  
THE GREEN SLIME  
CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON

### SCI-FI MATCH

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20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA/NAUTILUS  
SILENT RUNNING/VALLEY FORGE  
MASTER OF THE WORLD/ALBATROSS  
JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS/ARGO  
DESTINATION MOON/LUNA  
MOBY DICK/PEQUOD

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# MONSTERS MAILBOX

Dear Mr. Rovin:

Fentestic is the word that describes the number one issue of **MOVIE MONSTERS**. The way you present your features are different from any other monster magazine. They are straight and to the point. There is no hogwash at all between the front end back covers. Regarding the first issue, I liked "Film Apes" the best. It held some very interesting facts about some of those gorilla films. The *Seventh Voyage of Sinbad* was another fine feature article. I've seen the film several times and it is truly a great work of art. Next, "The Monsters of Hercules" was very interesting and the story on Gorgo I read about 100 times! **MOVIE MONSTERS** has just been born, and as far as I'm concerned, it's already one-of-a-kind. A magazine like yours is too good to criticize. Keep it up, I would like to see **MOVIE MONSTERS** go on for a long time!

Richard Leach  
Pawlet, Vermont

Thanks, Rich, but it seems not everyone agrees with your sentiments . . .

Dear Mr. Rovin:

I expected **MOVIE MONSTERS** to be a different type of monster magazine—I was wrong. **MOVIE MONSTERS** #1 is the worst monster magazine I had ever read. The best way to tell you how I felt about it is to go over everything individually.

The cover: I almost mistook it for an issue of *Famous Monsters*, it looked so much like it.

Oh, the hell with it—even the "Star Trek" article stunk, the whole issue stunk. C'mon Mr. Rovin, where's the gl' Warren spirit?

Fran Andrews  
St. Paul, Minn.

Hopefully, in *Famous Monsters*, where it belongs.

Dear Sirs

Congrats on the first issue of what should be a spectacular new magazine! I can honestly say I have never seen such a wide variety of subjects covered in several issues of any one mag, let alone just one issue. Good job! I have never read anything about Hammer's *Mummy* or *Curse of the Werewolf*, so both were read with great interest. Being a Trekkie, I really loved your article on "Star Trek".

My only real complaint is minor, and it involves your cover. I really think you could have done better than the *Creature Features* type lettering you used, and the illustration could have been better. Anyway, it's a small point and barely worth complaining about.

Keep up the good work. I loved "Creaturerealm"—I just adore puzzles.

Thanks again.

Derrick Bang  
Davis, Cal

Gentlemen:

I have just recently purchased your first issue of **MOVIE MONSTERS**. I give you best wishes and that this magazine continues for a long time.

I have enjoyed this magazine except for the article on *Star Trek*. I believe that this article is totally inaccurate as far as the facts go. I am not an expert on *Star Trek*, but I must say that I know more than most people. Here is a list of the discrepancies that I found in the article.

It is true that *Star Trek* has some likeness to *Forbidden Planet*. But if *Star Trek* is a carbon copy of *Forbidden Planet*, would Certs be a carbon copy of *Life Savers*? No, because each has its own distinctive characteristics.

In one paragraph there was a comment that *Star Trek* "catered to a 14 year old mentality." There must be some awfully smart kids in



New York, or this was an incorrect statement. Do you know of any 14 year old, not including any kid in the genius range, who knows what "intergalactic field densities and their relationship to gravity vortex phenomenon" is? I am 17, and I just barely know what it means. Or what about the Warp Drive?

The third season you couldn't expect much. The cast and crew thought that the show was not going to have a third season. Then, all of a sudden, the N.B.C. network decided to have a third season, like pow. Well, you could say they didn't have enough time to choose which scripts they should use. They had to cram their shooting schedule to get all of the shows for the third season.

*Earth II*, as was stated, was created by Gene Roddenberry. This was incorrect, *Earth II* was about a Space Station and had nothing to do with Gene Roddenberry. He didn't film *Genesis II*, *Planet Earth*, and *Questor* Tapes to replace *Star Trek*, but to give him something else to do, as Gene Roddenberry said "besides playing golf."

The main reason for the animated *Star Trek* is to settle down the Trekkies and to also be able to be in touch with the main cast for the possibility of a *Star Trek* movie. I have to agree that the animation looks like cheap hinged movements, but look at it this way: have you seen many that are not?

At the bottom of the list is that *Star Trek* started in 1964, ten years ago, not six years ago. Six years ago is when *Star Trek* was cancelled.

#### KEEP ON TREKKIN' CAUSE STAR TREK LIVES

David James Witmer  
No address given

David, we will be the first to admit when we are wrong, and for our errors on *Earth II*, we apologize. But as for the rest of our mutual "facts" there is some question. Research for this particular article was supplied by N.B.C. itself!

Concerning the "intergalactic field densities . . ." there is a big difference between having a theory and conveying it to an audience. The painful fact of the matter is that that phrase could represent anything. As you pointed out, what young person knows better, 14, 17, or otherwise?

Looking back over your letter, David, we think you might feel the

same as we: That to create anything, whether it be three television movies or a cartoon, in order to do something besides playing golf or merely to "keep in touch," is a pretty poor attitude for any creative person.

And the final straw, after the glory of the Warner Bros. cartoons, Walt Disney, and more, recently, DePatie-Freleng and Jay Ward, was the animated *Star Trek*. I think you will discover, upon further investigation and reflection, that the reason it appears the way it does is not any attempt at style, but cheapness plain and simple.

Sirs,

I just finished **MOVIE MONSTERS** #1. Excellent! It is one of the best monster magazines I have read in quite a while. I particularly liked the cover. The insides were those of great quality, too.

"Film Apes" was a very good article, but, on the first page second paragraph, it read, Go and Get it had Lon Chaney's ape body given a criminal brain! It was not Lon Chaney who played the role of the ape men, but Bull Montana, the 20's wrestler turned actor, who also played a bit part of an ape-man in the 1925 version of *The Lost World*.

The *Seventh Voyage of Sinbad* article was also very interesting and informative, but on page 20, second paragraph, it read, "It is just a matter of record that an animator like Herryhausen to go to his local library and research . . . an Allosaur or a Rhedosaur for a dinosaur film." The only wrong was that there never was a real Rhedosaur. Harryhausen created and animated this monster from his own design and for the movie, *The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms*.

The "Christopher Lee" article, and all the others, were very well written and very informative with a good choice of skills. I hope to see more fine articles such as those in future issues. Keep up the good work.

Barry Wooldridge  
Charleston, West Va.

Barry, we found your comments as interesting as you found our articles! Rest assured that we also

editor has humbled his pungent of authors for these oversights.



Dear Mr. Rovin:

This letter is just to let you know how much I enjoyed the first issue of your fine periodical, **MOVIE MONSTERS**! Issue number one was a most impressive debut to say the least!

I really enjoyed your format: a series of in-depth looks at specific monster movies, giving interesting plot synopses, behind the scenes facts, and discussions of the films' merits and flaws. Each article was intelligently written and worthy of being included in the program notes of any fantasy film festival. The issue was well balanced by the several articles exploring a whole genre of film (*Dracula*, *Hercules*, and *Star Trek*).

Being an animation fan, I particularly enjoyed your magnificent *Seventh Voyage of Sinbad* article, with its fascinating stills!

If your first issue is an indication of quality to come, you can count me as a faithful reader!

Mr. Carman Minchella  
East Detroit, Mich.

Next issue we feature an overview of all those *Lost World* movies. There will be an in-depth report on the Loch Ness Monster! PLUS Science Fiction, Super Heroes, and Creaturemail! See you then!



# WOLFMAN



THE WOLFMAN, a masterful make-up creation of Jack Pierce, the man who masterminded Karloff's MUMMY, FRANKENSTEIN, and all the great Universal make-ups of the horror classics.



Gypsy Bela Lugosi reads a young lady's fortune in THE WOLFMAN.



Lon Chaney, Jr. as THE WOLFMAN, in a studio publicity still.





Studio publicity shot of Cheney (left) Lugosi confrontation for **THE WOLFMAN**.



**THE WOLFMAN** lurks in a tree, waiting for a new victim.



Lon Cheney prepares to put the bite on yet another victim in **THE WOLFMAN**.



Lou Costello writes a note to Larry Talbot, unaware that he has been transformed into the wolfman. From **ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN**.

# S C R A P B O O K

## BEHIND THE SCREAMS



If two heads are better than one, then what about *three*? C.B.S. makeup master John Chambers helps Jonathan Harris, otherwise known as Zachery Smith, get a different perspective on the "Space Destroyers" episode for *Lost in Space*.

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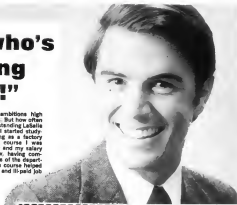
## APPENDIX

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# "Look who's smiling now!"

Sometimes a man sets his ambitions high enough to make skeptics smile. But how often he gets the last laugh? One outstanding LaSalle graduate writes: "At the time I started studying with LaSalle, I was working as a factory clerk. Before completing the course I was transferred to cost accounting and my salary was increased by \$1800. Now, having completed the course, I'm in charge of the department and on my way. LaSalle's course helped me pull myself out of a boring and ill-paid job into a position of opportunity."



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